

# TOTE-ROAD AND TRAIL

DOUGLAS MALLOCH



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**TOTE-ROAD AND TRAIL**









*It's chuck in the day and a bunk in the night*

# TOTE-ROAD AND TRAIL

*Ballads of the Lumberjack*

*By*

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

ILLUSTRATED IN FULL COLOR BY

OLIVER KEMP

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### TO MY WIFE

Had heaven a star, a single star,  
    A solitary lamp,  
One beacon-light to shine afar  
    And lead me back to camp—  
That one sure star would bring me to  
The camp, the waiting fire, and you.

Had life but one, a single one,  
    But you, unchanging still,  
However far my feet might run  
    Down valley or up hill—  
That one true heart, the heart of you,  
In good or ill would bring me through.



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**TOTE-ROAD AND TRAIL**



# Tote-Road and Trail

## SANCTUARY

When some one has slipped you the dirk in the dark,  
When eyes that are loving are lies,  
When some one you trusted has made you a mark,  
And somehow the heart in you dies,  
There's dirt for you, hurt for you, trouble enough  
To shatter the faith of a man;  
But don't ever think there is trouble so tough  
That you can't overcome it—you can.

When living is losing its flavor to you,  
When worry is making you old;  
When there is no joy in the thing that you do  
Nor truth in the thing you are told,  
There's balm for you, calm for you, out in the wild,  
There's hope for you up on the hill.  
Get up in the timber and play like a child;  
You can overcome it—you will.

## SANCTUARY

Get up in the timber ; the trail and the trees  
Will make you a man in a day.

The smell of the soil and the breath of the breeze  
Will blow all your troubles away.

There's pine for you, wine for you, hope for you  
there—

The sun and the moon and the star—  
If the ways of the city are not on the square,  
Get up in the woods—where they are.



## CALLING UP THE CREW

They'll soon be callin' up the crew to cut the Edwards  
pine;  
You feel it in the lungs of you, you fill 'em full of  
wine;  
The night is full of piney smells, the perfume of the  
North;  
An' cold an' clear as icicles the starbeams glitter forth.

They'll soon be callin' us to come; they'll need us in the  
bush—  
The sturdy sons of Scotia some, the old Toronto push,  
The Frenchman with his shinin' saw, the sons of Eng-  
lishmen—  
They'll need us up the Ottawa to cut their pine again.

We're getherin' at Wullie's bar, we're settin' in the  
sun,  
We're waitin' for the private car the old Grand  
Trunk'll run;  
We're tellin' how we spent our cash, an' braggin' of  
our girls,  
Whilst from the dirty calabash the blue tobacco curls.

## CALLING UP THE CREW

But where is Dodson? In the trench. MacPherson?  
Dardanelles.

Doret? Home fightin' with the French. The list of  
missin' swells.

MacCullough? With the Princess Pats. Oates? Some-  
where on the foam.

Jones? With a bullet through his slats he's invalided  
home.

Carruthers? Well, they think he's dead. They lost  
him in Lorraine;

Perhaps a prisoner instead; he may come back again.

An' James, the blue-eyed Scottish lad? In Flanders,  
under sod.

Remember Hawkins? Just as bad—torpedoed to his  
God.

They'll soon be callin' up the crew to cut the Edwards  
pine,

An' I'll be there my work to do—but not some friends  
of mine.

They're sleepin' there in Belgium, they can not hear  
the call

That makes the other fellows come, the pine-woods  
an' it all.

I'll do my bit with ax an' saw, an', be it pine or spruce,  
I'll put 'em down the Ottawa, an' offer no excuse.

## CALLING UP THE CREW

I'll be the last man in at night, the first man out at  
dawn—

I'll do my work, an' do it right, but all the sport is  
gone.

An' for the lads who died out there, I wish that they  
could sleep

Up where the flowin' waters wear their channel to the  
deep.

An' for the lads who suffer hell an' drink the cup of  
war,

I'll pray a prayer for them as well, who never prayed  
before.

## THE WORK IN THE WOODS

The work in the woods, oh, it's heavy the hurt of it,  
The long day of labor, the short night of rest,  
The camp, and the tramp, and the damp and the dirt  
of it,

Afoot when the stars are still out in the west,  
The sting of the wind, or the snow and the rain of it,  
The cold sky if clear and the wet sky if gray—  
And yet there is something, with all of the pain of it,  
That finds us and coaxes and calls us away.

The work in the woods!—There is something in spite  
of it

That pulls at the heart like a sailor the sea,  
The gay and the gray and the day and the night of it,  
The smile of the sun and the sob of the tree;  
Afar from the forest you hear the loud call of it,  
Then what do you care if the labor be long?  
For, somehow or other, you sort of like all of it—  
The work and the play and the sigh and the song!

## THE WORLD

The woods world, the man's world, it stretches east  
an' west,

A green world, a new world, of all the world the best.  
There's work there, an' play there, an' shadow there  
an' sun—

There's work there, an' play there, an' sleep when you  
are done.

The old world, the whole world, is like the world of  
wood,

A big world, a glad world, an' glorious an' good.  
There's life there, there's love there, enough for  
ev'ry one—

There's work there, an' play there, an' sleep when you  
are done.

## THE GREATER THE HEART

The man with an ax,  
The lad with a saw,  
Learn numerous facts  
Of natural law.  
A thing you will see  
As you work at your art :  
The older the tree,  
The greater the heart.

There are sorrow and storm  
As the forest grows old ;  
There are Summers too warm,  
There are Winters too cold.  
Gray the Autumn may be  
And the sun may depart—  
But the older the tree,  
The greater the heart.

Grow old like the pine  
Through the smiles and the tears,  
Growing better, like wine,  
With the passing of years ;

## THE GREATER THE HEART

Let them say, if they can,  
When from life you depart,  
"The older the man,  
The greater the heart!"



## UP-RIVER

Our way to camp we used to drive  
Along about this time of year.  
A man felt good to be alive  
When it come time again to steer  
Up-river way. We'd top the hill  
An' then the town would drop from sight  
An' all the night got calm an' still  
An' all the world got pure an' white.

You know, when you let loose of men  
An' git up there among the trees,  
You slip right back to God again  
An' you're a kid on bended knees.  
Then things you thought you had forgot  
Come back to you by jump an' leap;  
You find yourself, as like as not,  
Repeatin' "Lay me down to sleep."

There ain't no mystery in life,  
There's nothin' you don't understand,  
An' oldtime scraps an' oldtime strife  
Look foolish in that silent land.



## UP-RIVER

The careless doubt, the wonder, cease,  
The way is clear that once was dim:  
You know there is a Prince of Peace  
An' hunger to git back to him.

## THE LOVE OF A MAN

The love of a woman is sweet ;  
In life I have fondled a few,  
Have felt the red blood as it beat  
The uttermost arteries through.  
Yet God in His wisdom divine,  
Yet God in His infinite plan,  
Made nothing as holy and fine  
As the love of a man for a man.

There was one with the dark in her hair,  
There was one with the dawn in her eyes,  
There was one who had kisses to spare—  
For never a memory dies.  
But, maids, you were nothing but maids ;  
You passed, as the waters that ran.  
For what are the angels or jades  
By the love of a man for a man ?

The love of a woman is warm,  
Her kisses as hot as the South,  
And glorious battle to storm  
The road to her amorous mouth.

## THE LOVE OF A MAN

But what is the nectar you drink,  
The fragile and beautiful span,  
By one indestructible link,  
The love of a man for a man?

For when she has thrown you aside,  
Has passed from embraces and sight,  
And all of the noonday has died  
And left but the stars and the night,  
You feel on your shoulder a hand,  
For comfort you come where you can,  
And deep in your heart understand  
The love of a man for a man.

He'll go with you over the trail,  
The trail that is lonesome and long;  
His faith will not falter nor fail,  
Nor falter the lilt of his song.  
He knows both your soul and your sins,  
And does not too carefully scan.  
The highway to Heaven begins  
With the love of a man for a man.

## THE LOAFER

You can a'lways tell a loafer, if there's loafin' in the crew;

You can always tell a loafer, for he has so much to do:  
When the men are in the maintop he is fussin' with a jib;

On the drive he's always lookin' for a chance away to snib;

In the woods the smallest timber is the timber he will find;

In the yard the twelve-by-twenty is the kind he leaves behind.

He will fuss an' he will fiddle huntin' up the softest snap:

Life is one eternal treadmill for the take-it-easy chap.  
Yes, it takes a lot of trouble skippin' labor day by day;  
For a fellah has to figger how to dodge it all the way.  
On the drive or in the timber, in the mill or in the yard,  
You can always tell a loafer, 'cause he works so bloom-in' hard.

## THE FALL

The nights are colder than they was,  
The days are shorter, too;  
The starry light  
Shines out to-night  
From skies of deeper blue.  
The green that lies along the hills  
Is turning brown an' sear—  
Yet I don't need  
No signs to read  
To know the time o' year.

An' I don't need no almanac  
To tell what time it is,  
No Autumn haze  
An' shorter days  
An' all that kind of biz.  
Lord! Don't I know the Fall is here  
When loud the nightwind groans?  
Lord! Don't I know  
The season though?—  
I feel it in my bones.

## THE FALL

I'm tuggin' at this city leash  
Like forty-seven dawgs;  
I'm wishin' for  
The shanty floor,  
The timber an' the lawgs.  
I'm longin' for the wanigan,  
The tote-road an' it all—  
Lord! Can't the jacks  
Who swing the ax  
Remember when it's Fall?

A little more an' it will snow  
Up in the woods again;  
A little more  
The wind'll roar,  
A little more an' then  
In Michigan the nights will be  
All sky an' moon an' stars—  
An' then I'll pack  
A little snack  
An' hike to beat the cars.

The woods they call you in the Spring  
When days are warm an' fair,  
When robins sing  
An' blossoms fling  
Their perfume on the air.

## THE FALL

They call to you in Summertime  
When in the town you sweat,  
But in the Fall  
Oh, then they call,  
They call you louder yet.

Give me the old October woods  
When leaves are turnin' brown;  
The smell o' pine  
Is finer wine  
Than any in the town.  
Give me the old December snow  
That turns the world to white  
Up there in Mich.—  
Oh, Lord, I wish  
That I was there to-night!



## THE YOUTH WHO WORE AN "M"

He was the rawest tenderfoot that ever pulled the  
briar,

A rookey an' an amachure, a dude an' all of that;  
But we was short of sawyers, an' the head push had to  
hire

'Most anything that happened 'round the place to  
hang its hat.

He was a sort of rah-rah boy, who wore a fancy lid,  
With blue an' yellah ribbons in a bow-knot on the  
brim,

An' pants that looked a size or more too big for such  
a kid—

If Nature ever made a dub, it certainly was him.

We made it just as pleasant for His Dudelets as we  
could:

We tossed him in a blanket an' did other little things;  
We set a jumper on him, an' the Frenchman soaked  
him good;

We learnt him penny ante where the deuces beat the  
kings.

He didn't git discouraged an' he stuck right on the  
job—



## THE YOUTH WHO WORE AN "M"

He said he got it harder when they took him in the  
"frat."

We didn't ketch his meanin', but we knew he was a  
lob

(That is, until Thanksgivin', but things changed  
some after that).

It bein' of a holiday, we jumped the bloomin' camp  
An' mootched it to the city, there to give our proper  
thanks ;

We took the dude along with us upon that jolly tramp  
To be the central figger in some harmless little  
pranks.

Recollect that little barroom in the hotel on the hill?  
It was there the party gethered for the doin's of the  
day ;

An' we started in with vigor our respective hides to fill  
With all the burnin' redeye that the gang could put  
away.

When the stuff was flowin' freely, some one spotted  
Mr. Dude

An' he dragged him to the region where the merry  
glasses clink,

An' he ast him, in a manner that perhaps was some-  
what rude,

If, upon this glad occasion, he would ruther fight or  
drink.

## THE YOUTH WHO WORE AN "M"

His Dudelets kind of trembled when they offered him  
"the same"—

His face was really funny, 'twas so solemn-like an'  
white—

But he turned to one that called him by a certain ugly  
name

An' remarked in language pleasant that he guessed  
he'd ruther fight.

It wasn't fair an' proper for us all to take a hand,  
But that challenge meant a lickin', if a challenge ever  
did.

We proceeded in a body then to make him understand  
That a little more politeness was expected of a kid.  
But he didn't put his dukes up an' he didn't shed his  
coat—

He just sort of hunched his shoulders an' he shouted  
"U-rah-rah!"

Then, with both his arms wide open, through the air  
I seen him float,  
An' he struck me in the stomach while I covered up  
my jaw.

In the very farthest corner there we landed in a heap—  
"First down!" was all he hollered, "first down, an'  
four to gain!"

Then he mixed with Mr. Murphy, an' he put the Mick  
to sleep

## THE YOUTH WHO WORE AN "M"

When ag'inst the bar he slammed him in a way that  
give him pain.  
"Second down!" he yelled, "an' touchdown!" Then  
he straightened up a bit,  
When the Swede come swingin' at him with hot an-  
ger in his soul,  
An' he stuck his toe out forward an' the Svenska's mug  
he hit  
As he turned to grapple Frenchy, while he yelled,  
"Rah, rah! A goal!"

But there come some reinforcements from the man be-  
hind the bar—  
With a mallet in his flippers Mr. Barkeep joined the  
fray;  
With a brotherly intention Johnny's cranium to jar  
An' no word of explanation, at his skull he blazed  
away.  
Then I knew 'twas all for Johnny, that the crack would  
make him sick,  
When the barkeep swung his hammer on our darlin'  
angel child.  
It took him in the forehead like half a thousan' brick—  
But that kid, would you believe it? why, he just  
looked up an' smiled!

## THE YOUTH WHO WORE AN "M"

Then he "kicked a goal from placement," made a "touchdown" more, or two.

(At least he so announced it ev'ry time he let a yell) ;  
In the corner of the barroom he piled up that fightin' crew

An', to sort of cap the climax, put the barkeep there as well.

When he thought they had sufficient then he showed the boys his "M,"

An' explained the Yost "formations" an' just how the thing occurred ;

To drink a toast to "Michigan" he invited me an' them—

An', when he ordered soda pop, then no one said a word.

## THE PILGRIMAGE

I've heard of a certain Mohammed who dwelt in a hut  
on Arabian sands  
And every year of his residence felt that a duty he had  
on his hands  
To make an excursion his Mecca to seek, a trip to the  
home of his race,  
A sort of original Home Coming Week, now so com-  
mon in every place.

He'd pack up his duffle, his tent and his shrine and  
would beat it back home for a spell  
To see if the cocoanut harvest was fine and if all of his  
cousins were well.  
This pilgrimage habit grew rapidly so that it now is the  
regular thing  
And every season Mohammedans go up to Mecca its  
praises to sing.

I always have felt sort of kinship to those who go  
journey to Mecca afar,  
Though I have no Koran concealed in my clothes, nei-  
ther know what Mohammedans are.



## THE PILGRIMAGE

But every year I am up and away to a Mecca, a shrine  
of my own,  
That calls me as loudly and as surely as they who are  
called by a city of stone.

My Mecca's the woods, just the woods in the Fall,  
when October comes rolling around—  
The camp and the river, the pine and it all, when the  
frost takes a-hold of the ground.  
It isn't religion that gets me to go and it isn't a psalm  
or a prayer—  
It's twenty-eight dollars, or thirty or so, they are pay-  
ing for swampers up there.

It's chuck in the day and a bunk in the night and the  
stake when we quit in the Spring  
That coaxes me northward to work and to fight—only  
these are the why of the thing.  
The folks in the East go to Mecca to lay in a new stock  
of faith for the year,  
But I, I go up to my Mecca for pay—when I'm busted,  
to get in the clear.

I guess that's the way of the East and the West, it's  
the way of the new and the old,  
That they are content on religion to rest, while we  
Yankees are out for the gold.

## THE PILGRIMAGE

You couldn't get Yankees to go on a hike up to any  
Mohammedan shrine,  
But offer them thirty a month and they'll strike for the  
land of the hemlock and pine.

They say that we worship the dollar too much, we are  
crazy for riches, they say;  
They say we are worse than the Scotch or the Dutch,  
that it's quite the American way.  
If pulling the briar or pounding the plugs for a dollar  
a day is a crime,  
What's asking three hundred for dirty old rugs that  
were made in your grandfather's time?

If this is a showdown of Meccas, my friends, of the  
Yank or Arabian kind,  
We look at the matter from different ends and we each  
have a different mind.  
The man who looked down on us both from a shelf he  
would say, when he saw how we did,  
There's good in a man who will bury himself in the  
woods for the sake of his kid.

The fellow who diets on cocoanut milk and who spends  
all his moments in prayer  
Thinks *he* has a soul that is finer than silk, that is ready  
its winglets to wear.

## THE PILGRIMAGE

But what of the man in a mackinaw shirt, one who  
thinks of the girl that he wed,  
Who's willing to swamp and to dig in the dirt that the  
wife and the kids may be fed?

I'm thinking my Mecca is moral as his, though it's lit  
by no altars ablaze;  
I guess my religion is work, all it is, yet I think it  
deserving of praise.  
Perhaps the good Lord, when before Him I go, He  
will hand me a crown and will say,  
"This man had to make him a living below and I guess  
was too busy to pray."



## THE POINT OF VIEW

The man who owns these metes an' bounds an' tim-  
bered quarter sections,  
Whose hayroads link our campin' grounds in nearly  
all directions,  
Awoke one mornin' in the town to find a blizzard  
blowin',  
An' shivered in his dressin' gown to see that it was  
snowin'.

Then what did Mr. Main Guy do? He packed his  
fancy duffle,  
His spiketail coat an' skypiece new an' shirt with pleat  
an' ruffle,  
An' hopped aboard his special car attached to 'Frisco  
hummer  
An' hiked for Californya far, the golden land of Sum-  
mer.

There, while the snows in Michigan are driftin' high as  
houses  
An' blizzards hide the Winter sun while Boreas ca-  
rouses,

## THE POINT OF VIEW

He'll play his game of pasture pool upon a meadow  
sunny,  
While us poor skates in regions cool go out an' make  
his money.

Each pleasant mornin' he'll git up as soon as he is able  
An' find beside his coffee cup fresh grapefruit on the  
table,  
While we will eat at four A. M. beneath a lantern's  
flicker,  
An' masticate our graham gem some earlier an' quicker.

An' yet we do not envy you with ev'ry little flurry,  
An' if we git a freeze or two, or blizzard, we should  
worry.  
We don't mind Wintertime a bit—there's somethin'  
good about it,  
An' fellahs who are used to it can't git along with-  
out it.

Your Californya may be fine with Summer altogether,  
But I'll take Michigan for mine, in spite of stormy  
weather.  
There may some pleasure be, perhaps, in little golf  
balls chasin',  
An' yet our under zero snaps are twenty times as  
bracin'.



*While us poor skates in regions cool go out an' make his money*



## THE POINT OF VIEW

An' I will gamble, in the Spring, when Winter passes  
over,  
An' little birds begin to sing amid the buddin' clover,  
We'll come a-gallivantin' down like some Kentucky  
stepper,  
Prepared to lick up half the town, we'll feel so full of  
pepper.

A man requires some kind of change in ev'ry sort of  
diet,  
His appetite to rearrange an' make his pulses riot,  
An' I would rather be a poor up-river grade of bum-  
mer  
Than ev'ry week an' month endure your blamed, eter-  
nal Summer.

## OH, TO BE A GYPSY

Oh, to be a gypsy, and drive a gypsy van  
Uphill and downhill, and be a gypsy man!  
Willow for your whipstock, clover in your hat,  
Nothing in your pocketbook at all—but what of  
that!

Tin pans that rattle, tin pails that swing—  
Uphill and downhill merrily they sing;  
Jingle and jangle, clashing out a tune,  
Making gypsy melody for a gypsy June!

Uphill and downhill, a blossom in your mouth,  
Northward in Summertime, Winter in the South.  
Just a van to ward you from the heat or cold,  
No house to shelter you, no house to hold!

Money is a burden, dollars are a care,  
But a gypsy wanders, wanders anywhere;  
Uphill and downhill, gypsy, let us roam,  
Ev'ry night a campfire, ev'ry night a home!

## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER FOREVER

If it's men for your ships, if it's men for your shore,  
If it's men for your guns on the borders,  
If it's guards for your firesides, or fighters for war,  
We are ready and waiting your orders.  
We will lay down the ax, we will hang up the saw,  
We will come from the rafts on the river ;  
And we'll fight for the land and we'll fight for the law  
And the Star Spangled Banner forever !

If it's men for the sea we have river-rats here  
Who are kings of the drive and the water ;  
If it's men for the line we have swampers to cheer  
All the louder when matters get hotter.  
If it's over the sea you would have us to go,  
There to conquer the foe our endeavor,  
We are ready—and only one ditty we know :  
That's the Star Spangled Banner forever !

We have handled a saw, we can handle a gun ;  
We have made us a trail through the timber,  
And we'll swamp you a road to a place in the sun,  
For our arms and our axes are limber.



## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER FOREVER

The man in the town is a fancier guy,  
The man in the town may be clever;  
But we're ready to fight and we're ready to die  
For the Star Spangled Banner forever!



## THE SIMPLE LIFE

You skirt in a hammock, you dame in a swing, you  
dude in the stern of a yacht,

You think you are hep to this picnickin' thing, an'  
close up to Nature you've got.

You load up a basket with sissified grub, with sand-  
wiches, olives an' jell,

An' travel ten miles on a trolley or tub an' say you  
will rough it a spell.

You carry a napkin to wipe off your chin, a tablecloth  
folded an' neat,

An' china an' silverware always put in—for otherwise  
how could you eat?

You set on the grass an' lay chicken away in under a  
maple or pine

An' rave of "the forest primeval" an' say the life that  
is simple is fine.

The life that is simple? You gimme a pain. You  
think you've a hero behaved

If venturin' half of a mile from the train or off of a  
street that is paved.

## THE SIMPLE LIFE

The life that is simple?—With chicken for lunch to  
eat off a genuine plate?

You're the funniest, phoniest, buckwheater bunch that  
ever broke loose in the state.

I tell you, my friends in the lawn tennis suits an' cute  
little red ribbon lids,

To us in the woods in our snowpacks or boots you're  
nothin' but sissies an' kids.

The life that is simple? If really you'd like to be a  
real simple life cuss,

Along up the river to camp take a hike an' put in a  
Winter with us.

We'll feed you outdoors all you want to be fed, an'  
life will be simple enough;

We won't give you butter to put on your bread, but  
stoke you with heartier stuff—

Pork ribs by the yard that are swimmin' in fat an'  
other choice cuts of the meat,

Sow belly an' other such dishes as that, rump roast  
now an' then for a treat.

Our beans you will like, if a noodle you've got, be-  
cause that's the easiest way—

It's better to like 'em, because, like or not, you'll git  
'em four feedin's a day.

## THE SIMPLE LIFE

An' dainties we'll give you, of that never fear, along  
with our hunyacks an' coons;  
Your palate we'll please an' your appetite cheer with  
plenty of pickles an' prunes.

We won't have no tables or pillows or stools, or wait-  
ers to pass things around;  
Tin plates an' tin cups an' steel forks are the tools,  
the grub it is set on the ground.  
The only request we'll be makin' of you when our  
table de hoty you try  
Is that you won't grab the best chunks in the stew or  
carelessly step in the pie.  
You'll have to look out for yourself like the rest,  
there's no one to pour or to carve.  
Perhaps you can't eat any chuck but the best? Of  
course, if you can't, you can starve.  
But, if you partake like the rest of the bunch an'  
shovel some food in your phiz,  
I guess you'll go back to the town with a hunch you  
know what the simple life is.

## IN TOWN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

I've hit her up a few myself when Winter days was  
done;

With twenty million on the shelf a-waitin' for the sun,  
I've brung my Winter stake to town an' moseyed to be  
first

Of all the lumberjacks to drown an 18-karat thirst;  
But I renig, an' I give up, an' I lay down an' quit:  
I thought that I could quaff the cup an' hit it up a bit;  
But of my thirst I ain't so proud, an' I just set an'  
grieve—

For I ain't in it with your crowd in town on New  
Year's Eve.

Last year we broke a donkey gear when things was  
goin' fine.

The boss he says to me, "Come here. You take the  
Number Nine

An' git to town, an' git repairs, an' back here New  
Year's Day

Or (sometimes Mister Murphy swears) or there'll be  
hell to pay.

## IN TOWN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

An' somethin' else, me fine gossoon, to you I would  
confide:

If you should see a beer saloon, just tie your thirst  
outside."

An' so I rode the Russels down right prompt you may  
believe—

That's how I come to be in town last year on New  
Year's Eve.

An' there a friend met up with me (they're always on  
the spot,

Around where you're supposed to be to lead you where  
you're not).

He asked me just to have a beer. I said, "Nay, nay,  
Pauline;

I have a solemn duty here to nursemaid this machine."

"Well, anyhow," he says, says he, "it wouldn't be  
a sin

For you to come along an' see us see the New Year  
in."

I knew the time was hours away when Number Nine  
would leave—

That's how I come in Smith's Café last year on New  
Year's Eve.

Believe me, Smith's is quite a place, with glitter, glass  
an' gilt,

With window curtains made of lace, an' fit for Van-  
derbilt.

## IN TOWN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

But, fellahs, once inside of there, it wasn't lights an'  
gold  
That handed me the punch for fair an' knocked me  
stiff an' cold—  
It was another sort of sight that met my backwoods  
eyes,  
It was another thing that night that floored me with  
su'prise;  
For, while the booze was slippin' down, the thirsty to  
relieve,  
There set the ladies of the town that night on New  
Year's Eve.

But some of them they didn't set as much as you  
suppose;  
For, when her throttle she had wet, at times a dame  
arose  
An' led the singin' of a song or startin' of a shout  
To help the merriment along an' see the Old Year out.  
No, these was really ladies, boys, the ladies of the  
town;  
The wives an' sisters liked the noise an' cries of "Drink  
'er down."  
An' one who loudest seemed to be, you hardly will be-  
lieve,  
Had left at home a babe of three, to riot New Year's  
Eve.



## IN TOWN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

I don't lay claim to be a saint—in fact, I'm purty  
rough;

An' I ain't never heard complaint that I don't drink  
enough.

But I've opinions just the same, old-fashioned though  
they sound;

An' when you try the drinkin' game, an' riotin' around,  
To me a table an' a bar is much alike, I think,

An', it don't matter where you are, a cocktail is a  
drink.

So, on occasions such as these, my wife at home I'll  
leave—

I'll do the boozin', if you please, that's done on New  
Year's Eve.

## THE WIDOW-MAKER

A loose limb hangs upon a pine three log-lengths from  
the ground,  
A norway tumbles with a whine and shakes the woods  
around.  
The loose limb plunges from its place and zigzags  
down below ;  
And Jack is lying on his face—there's red upon the  
snow.

They'll dress him in a cotton shirt, they'll cross his  
horny hands ;  
They'll dig a hollow in the dirt within the forest lands ;  
They'll put him in a wooden box ; they'll wonder  
whence he came,  
And build a monument of rocks without a date or  
name.

"He got a letter, *that* I know." "I wonder where it is."  
"I heard him speak not long ago about a wife of his."  
"Employment agent shipped him up—he didn't have a  
cent."  
"He was a most peculiar pup." "He *was* a gloomy  
gent."



## THE WIDOW-MAKER

And so they'll talk around the fire a little longer yet ;  
But even idle tongues will tire, and even men forget.  
A season passes, and a year. "Why, yes, now thinkin'  
back,  
A widow-maker hit him *here*. We used to call him  
Jack."

And far away, 'mid city streets Jack staggers down no  
more,  
A heart, a woman's, madly beats, each knock upon the  
door.  
She's back with mother in the flat. She thought she  
wouldn't care.  
Why *does* she always jump like that, each step upon  
the stair?

"For anger burns so quick a flame the year that you  
are wed.  
I said some things just as they came I never should  
have said.  
It takes a little time, I guess, the married life to live—  
To want your way a little less, to suffer and forgive."

They'll dress him in a cotton shirt, they'll cross his  
horny hands ;  
They'll dig a hollow in the dirt within the forest lands ;

## THE WIDOW-MAKER

They'll put him in a wooden box; they'll wonder  
whence he came,  
And build a monument of rocks without a date or  
name.

## THE HAIR OF THE DOG

There was a lumberjack who tried  
To break away from booze,  
An' ev'ry Winter nearly died,  
An' yet the fight'd lose;  
All Winter he would go without  
An' never take a thing;  
An' then would kill himself, about,  
With whisky in the Spring.

Last Winter up to camp he come  
An', as he always would,  
Announced that he was through with rum,  
An' through with it for good.  
He sprung a gold-cure of his own:  
To show that he was strong,  
That he could leave the stuff alone,  
He brought a quart along.

He put that whisky in his bunk;  
He slept with it at night;  
But not a drink he ever drunk,  
An' no one saw him tight.

## THE HAIR OF THE DOG

Each day he said, "All yesterday  
I didn't taste the stuff.  
I guess, old booze," he used to say,  
"You'll see it ain't a bluff."

A week, a month, the Winter passed,  
But still it was the same—  
For he had won the fight at last  
An' proved that he was game.  
An', when he come to town again,  
He'd lean against the bar  
An' tell the other 'drinkin' men  
What omdhauns they are.

No doubt there are a bunch of things  
That worry us a lot;  
But maybe we could pull their stings  
If close to them we got,  
If we that way of his'd try—  
Just bunked with them a bit,  
Just looked them squarely in the eye,  
An' showed a little grit.

## CALL US, AMERICA!

Call us, America,  
If you want men!  
Sound the loud clarion  
Over the camp;  
We shall come merrily  
Marching again  
Out of the wilderness,  
Out of the damp.  
To the blue firmament  
Fling the blue flag,  
Banner of liberty,  
Red, white and blue,  
High on the mountain-top's  
Uttermost crag—  
Call us, America,  
Call up the crew!

Call us, America,  
Out of the wood,  
Out of the timberland,  
If it be war;  
Call up the lumberjacks,  
They who have stood

## CALL US, AMERICA

On your red battle-line  
Fighting before.  
When they have challenged you  
We have replied,  
Men from the lumber camp  
Answered them then—  
Guarding the Government,  
Guarding the tide,  
Call us, America,  
If you want men!

## PROSPERITY

It's easy to haul on the level,  
A tote-road that's smooth as a floor;  
You may have to work like the devil  
An' pull till your shoulder is sore;  
An' even a hill may not best you,  
A little upgrade now an' then—  
But there is one road that will test you,  
The test of both horses an' men.

An' that is the downgrade, my brother,  
The place where you don't have to pull;  
The easy road, somehow or other,  
Is one that of trouble is full.  
The road up the hill you can master,  
The long haul that's level may beat,  
But when things are pushin' you faster—  
That's when you must keep on your feet.

Hard luck seldom conquers a fellah,  
A man of the regular kind;  
But when you will quit, if you're yellah,  
Is when things are shovin' behind.

## PROSPERITY

Right then is the danger of ditchin',  
Right then you are wantin' to run—  
So brace yourself back in the britchin'  
An' keep in the middle, my son.



## JUST ALIVE

A lawg-chain broke, an' a hemlock load  
Come pourin' down on the open road.

It caught Red Jones where he stood at,  
It caught Red Jones before he knowed  
An' it knocked him down an' it rolled him flat.

We pried 'em loose an' we pulled Red out.  
He was bunged up right, an' there ain't no doubt.

He had broke one arm, he had broke one laig,  
He had tore his ear, he had broke his snout,  
An' his ribs was stove like a soft-boiled aig.

We loaded Red on a lawggin' sleigh  
An' we drove all night an' we drove all day  
Over corduroy, over rut an' rock,  
Till we fetched at last to old Cloquet  
An' landed Red with the sawmill doc.

When the doc got through of a-mendin' Red,  
An' had him put snug in a trundle bed,

An' he said that Red maybe might survive,  
Then what do you think that darn fool said?  
"Well, I'm mighty glad to be just alive!"

## JUST ALIVE

Then I went downstairs an' I says, says I,  
(To myself, of course), "You're a lucky guy!  
You ain't broke no laig an' ain't broke no rib,  
An' you needn't lay while the days go by  
An' eat from a spoon with a baby's bib."

An' it done me good just to swing my stem,  
An' my arms—well, I tried out both of them;  
An' I wiggled all of my fingers five,  
An' I quoted Red's little vocal gem,  
"Well, I'm mighty glad to be just alive!"

## SUPERANNUATED

We're breakin' camp on Sunday, we're goin' back to  
town,  
We'll hit the trail on Monday, the last big stick is down.  
I heard it roar an' rumble, I watched the giant fall;  
I saw the pine-tree tumble, the last old boy of all.

Old pine, the truth I'm learnin': I, too, have had my  
day;  
I, too, no more returnin' will come along the way.  
For Time's keen ax has hit me an' sent me to the  
dump;  
For Time has come to git me, an' life is but a stump.

There may come other seasons an' other fightin' men,  
But I, for Time's good reasons, will not come back  
again.

I am a dead pine standin' upon a treeless hill;  
Death waits beside the landin' to claim me as he will.

For forty years I've tramped it by tote-road an' by  
trail;  
For forty years I've camped it in rain an' snow an'  
hail;

### SUPERANNUATED

But now my arm no longer will clear away the pine,  
An' younger men an' stronger will do this work of  
mine.

An' yet I will not sorrow, though age is in my veins,  
Though but a short to-morrow to such as me remains.  
For, when the strand shall sever, some friend will  
come an' say:

"Now give him rest forever—for, God, he worked his  
way!"

## THE BREAKUP

Now the breakup is here, for the Springtime is near,  
an' the Winter has mootched on its way.

We have busted our camp an' are off on a tramp to the  
palaces down on the Bay—

Twenty miles by the trail an' a hunderd by rail in the  
dawghouse along with the con,

Till we meet up again with them pleasant young men,  
with the lads with the diamonds on.

Yep, the Springtime is nigh, an' we're sayin' good-by  
to the norway an' pine for a spell:

We have cussed out the boss, fed our favorite hoss, an'  
have kicked the young bullcook farewell.

We have squared with the van for the bills that we ran  
for our Peerless an' mittens an' socks,

An' we're off for the town with our walks written down  
for the barkeep to change into rocks.

Twenty miles by the trail an' a hunderd by rail in the  
dawghouse along with the con,

Till we meet up again with them pleasant young men  
with the aprons an' diamonds on.

## THE BREAKUP

We've a seven months' thirst to be shortly immersed,  
for we're rollin' in easy-got wealth;  
An' the sissified jay who may git in our way he had  
better look out for his health.

For we're lousey with cash an' we're weary of hash an'  
we long for a sight of the suds.  
We've a campstake to blow with the parties below for  
their lickin' an' dinners an' duds.  
We've a campstake to spend at the long Winter's end,  
an' they're waitin' to see us come down:  
They are crackin' up ice an' are raisin' the price of  
ev'ry old thing in the town.

But what do we care? We have lucre to spare, an'  
there's nothin' too good for us now.  
If the limit is ten we will tilt it again, for we're ripe  
for a game or a row.  
There'll be singin' o' nights an' some beautiful fights  
an' a general raisin' of Ned,  
An' that little old spot, if it wants it or not, will be  
painted a delicate red.

When the campstake is gone an' we see the gray dawn,  
when the fiddles are playin' no more,  
When the pleasure is past an' we're busted at last, with  
a head an' a heart that are sore,

## THE BREAKUP

With no sighin' or sobs we will hustle for jobs an' will  
thank the good Lord we're alive—  
For there's work an' there's fun an' white water to  
run, up the river along with the drive!



## WHEN THE DRIVE GOES DOWN

There's folks that like the good dry land, an' folks  
that like the sea,

But rock an' river, shoal an' sand, are good enough  
for me.

There's folks that like the ocean crest, an' folks that  
like the town—

But when I really feel the best is when the drive goes  
down.

So pole away, you river rats,

From landin' down to lake—

There's miles of pine to keep in line,

A hunderd jams to break!

There's folks that like to promenade along the boulev-  
ard,

But here's a spot I wouldn't trade for all their pave-  
ment hard;

Ten thousand lawgs by currents birled an' waters  
white that hiss—

Oh, where's the sidewalk in the world that's half as  
fine as this?

So leap away, you river rats,

From landin' down to sluice;

There's lawgs to run, there's peavey fun

To break the timber loose!





*An' ev'ry time you turn a bend the next bend looks the best*



## WHEN THE DRIVE GOES DOWN

An' ev'ry rollin' of a stick that starts her down the  
stream

An' ev'ry bit of water quick where runnin' ripples  
gleam

Means gittin' nearer to the end, to wife an' babe an'  
rest—

An' ev'ry time you turn a bend the next bend looks the  
best.

Then peg away, you river rats,

From sluiceway down to mill—

Each rock you clear will bring you near

The house upon the hill!

There's folks that like the good dry land, an' folks  
that like the sea,

But rock an' river, shoal an' sand, are good enough  
for me.

There's folks that like the ocean crest, an' folks that  
like the town—

But when I really feel the best is when the drive goes  
down!

## TENDERHEARTED BILL

The lumberjack he ain't no saint,  
That much I will agree ;  
There are occasions when he ain't  
Just what he ought to be.  
At sayin' prayers he's kind of slack,  
An' kind of fond of drink ;  
An' yet these fellahs ain't as black  
As some folks seem to think.

Now there was Billy Anderson,  
A jack from Puget Sound,  
A fellah who could lift a ton  
Like some men lift a pound.  
An' yet he had the kindest heart,  
As big as kingdom come—  
You'd always see him take the part  
Of creatures that was dumb.

Bill never any horse would whip,  
No matter how he balked,  
An' on an extry longish trip  
Big Bill got out an' walked.

## TENDERHEARTED BILL

Bill never yet was known to kick  
The meanest yellow cur ;  
An', when that spotted calf was sick,  
How Bill took care of her !

Why, I remember once we had  
A cat around the camp ;  
She wandered in so thin an' sad,  
A reg'lar little tramp.  
Bill fed her meat an' fed her milk  
An' give her half his chuck,  
Until her coat was fine as silk—  
She surely was in luck.

Bill Anderson he wouldn't hurt  
(So tenderhearted he)  
The mole that burrowed in the dirt  
Or bird upon the tree.  
There's nothin' riled Bill Anderson  
As for some big galoot  
To start to plaguin', just for fun,  
Some helpless little brute.

One night the clerk he tied a can  
Upon the kitten's tail  
An' turned her loose outdoors—an', man,  
You ought to seen her sail !

## TENDERHEARTED BILL

Then Bill, the tenderheartedest  
Of men, just give a gulp  
An' jumped upon that joker's chest  
An' beat him to a pulp.

## STONY BROOK

Oh, the Stony Brook is foamin' where the boulders  
show their teeth,

Just a-waitin' for a chance to start a jam;  
There is water white a-combin' on the granite under-  
neath,

There's a lovely chance for trouble at the dam.  
They will sluice her just at daylight an' they'll let a  
million through,

They will ram her full of timber to the brim,  
They will sluice her in the gray light, an' there'll be  
some work to do

For Johnny Long an' them along with him.

Yes, I think it more'n likely that there will,  
But there's half a hunderd peavies on the hill,  
And there's half a hunderd rats  
That are handier'n cats  
Just a-longin' for the pond above to spill.

They have mootched it down from Percy's, they have  
hiked it from the rear,

They have gethered in from ev'ry blasted camp,  
An' they're ready for the mercies of a brook like this'n  
here,

An' they ain't afraid of bubbles an' of damp.



## STONY BROOK

So it's jam, you norway devils, an' it's jam, you crazy  
pine—

We will show you how a man can be a mink;  
We will join you in your revels an' we'll whip you  
into line

Or we'll leave our bones to whiten in the drink.

We may leave our bones below to wash away,  
We may give the rocks a choicer bit for play,  
We may die along with you,  
But we'll drive you, drive you through,  
An' we'll land you safe an' solid at Cloquet.

Now a jill-poke in the alders is a mighty measly  
thing—

It can tie a lot of timber in a knot;  
But a pair of granite boulders can a hunderd thousand  
wing

Till there's nothin' that'll budge it but a shot.  
But, before you try the powder or to break her with  
the juice,

Hand some peavies to the river rats an' jacks,  
We will roll her an' we'll crowd her an' we'll break  
the timber loose,

We will break her, or a half a hunderd backs.



## STONY BROOK

We may break a half a hunderd men in two,  
But we'll git that Injun timber safely through;  
    We will pry the Stony Brook  
    Wider open than a book—  
Yes, there's work for Johnny Long an' us to do!

## THE WINNER

He had come up from the ranks. He drove  
A yoke of steers in the good old days  
When Michigan all was a treasure trove  
And men made money in various ways.  
He watched his chance and he made his plays  
And he worked at night till the stars were dim—  
And presently people began to praise,  
And even at last to envy him.

Now, that is the mark of a true success:  
When you're doing well and the world is glad  
You have partly won—but the thing, I guess,  
Is to do so well that the world gets mad.  
When the people talk of the luck you had  
And begin to wink and to shake the head  
And to hint of ways that were dark and bad,  
Then you've won success—so he often said.

But he, 'way down in his heart, he knew  
What success had cost, how success had come:  
It came on the long trail to the Soo,  
It came in the timber of the Thumb,

## THE WINNER

It came on nights when his legs were numb  
With the wear of labor and hurt of cold,  
When he asked the future, and found it dumb,  
Where the highway lay to the land of gold.

But he worked and figured and fought and planned,  
He watched his chance as a fighter must,  
And he hammered fate with a good right hand  
In the Winter snow, in the Summer dust;  
And others might falter and others rust  
But his will shone on like a shining sword,  
With an endless hope and a tireless thrust,  
As a yeoman fought for his ancient lord.

It put the wrinkles upon his brow,  
It put the gray in his yellow hair,  
It gave him a brand of his own, somehow,  
That none of the envious ever wear.  
For labor had written its record there  
In his shoulders round and his fingers bent—  
On his face had printed the stamp of care—  
And something, too, of a great content.

There is something envy can never reach,  
There is something envy can never touch  
With its keenest word or its cruellest speech,  
When a man has labored and suffered much.

## THE WINNER

For what are the idle words of such  
By the glad approval of one's own soul?  
Their words of envy to those who clutch  
The thing they sought for, the golden goal?

He is walking down through the final years  
(He passes silently on the way),  
And the vale behind has been wet with tears  
And the hills behind have been glad with day.  
And do you think that the things we say,  
The sneer of envy, the laugh of spite,  
Could bow the head of the man of gray  
That has held erect in the hardest fight?

For the thing we win in the war of life  
It is not the gold, it is not the fame,  
But the inner sense that through all the strife  
Unchanged, unfaltering, still we came.  
We have won our own, not the world's acclaim,  
The thing we wanted to do have done;  
And the world may praise or the world may blame—  
But our own souls know we have worked, and won.

## THE HERO MEDDLERS

So now they are pinnin' of medals on people, I see by  
the news :

They're huntin' the highways for heroes an' beatin'  
the byways for clues,

An' ketchin', convictin' an' markin', while Andy more  
martyrs pursues.

That's all very pleasant an' proper, but leads me to  
wonderin' what

They figger down east is a hero, they figger is brave  
an' is not ;

I bet, while they're huntin' for heroes, a few of our  
own we have got—

A few of our own on the river, that never no medals  
will wear

Because all the things they are doin' they always are  
doin' out there,

With no one to 'specially notice an' no one to 'specially  
care.

## THE HERO MEDDLERS

It's courage to fight the quickwater a moment some  
mortal to save,  
It's courage the rapids to rassle an' rescue some fool  
from the grave;  
But to do it for bread an' for butter all day ain't con-  
sidered so brave.

I reckon we won't git no medals up here for the  
chances we take;  
It's just for the wife an' the babies, the rent an' a gro-  
cery stake  
We come at the call of the river, the jam an' the roll-  
way to break.

We won't git no thousand a-livin', we won't wear no  
ornaments dead;  
There ain't none of us that are heroes—we're rats of  
the river instead;  
An' we ain't runnin' rapids for glory—we're just fight-  
in' trouble for bread.



## CHAUDIERE

From a pathway of quiet unstirred by commotion,  
From the forests of green to the dwellings of brown,  
In quest of the river, in quest of the ocean,  
The Ottawa waters come peacefully down

And, here by the town,  
Throw aside the dull gown  
Of their up-river green  
For the shine and the sheen

And the gossamer glory of rapids that run,  
For the glitter of jewels that flash in the sun.

Here they leap  
From their sleep  
And in majesty sweep

Through a gateway of stone, through the cataract's lair,  
Where the leonine rocks shake the mist from their hair  
And startle the shore  
With the roar  
Of Chaudiere.

From the hush of the forest where censers are swinging,

Where the lilies unfold and the wild roses bloom,  
In quest of the world where the saw-song is singing,  
The Ottawa timber comes down to the boom;

## CHAUDIERE

And here waits the flume  
Frothing white with the spume,  
Frothing white with the spray  
Of the waters at play.

Now the channel is opened that leads to the slide,  
And now safe by the rapids the timber-cribs glide.

Just a flash  
And a crash  
And a plunge and a splash

In the calm of the stream where the waters run fair—  
And all vainly the rocks in their mid-river lair  
Shall threaten them more  
With the roar  
Of Chaudiere.

From the land of the forest, the cabins dim-lighted,  
From the camp in the woodland asleep in the sun,  
In quest of the world that in dreams they have sighted  
The men of the shanties come down for their fun,  
Come down ev'ry one  
When the wild work is done  
As the river at play  
Leaps to ripples and spray  
When it sniffs the St. Lawrence and glimpses the goal  
Where the salt breezes freshen and long billows roll.  
To be free  
As the sea  
Ev'ry man longs to be



## CHAUDIERE

'Mid the lights of the town, 'mid the smiles of the fair—  
Then what shall the sturdy young shantyman care  
    Though tremble the shore  
    With the roar  
    Of Chaudiere?

But the years hurry by and the years hurry onward,  
    The ax-stroke is busy on hill and in glen;  
As fade the pale stars when the night travels dawn-  
    ward,

    The trees in the sky tumble earthward again.  
        They shall vanish—and then  
        Shall the shoutings of men  
        Diminish and die  
        Where the waters run high.

O you maid in the town, hold your shantyman dear  
For the men of the river shall vanish from here.

    They shall sweep  
    To the deep  
    Where the centuries sleep

And shall leave but a kiss and a memory fair,  
Like the waters that flow to the mystic Out There,  
    Returning no more  
    To the shore  
    Of Chaudiere.

## THE PRICE

The drive it ain't such easy graft that I would recommend

To any gink to ride the drink, an', least of all, a friend.  
It's up at four an' sluice a dam or sack a swampy rear  
Until the sun has got the run an' baby stars appear.

It ain't no job to recommend

To anybody that's a friend.

I've heard some guy from off the plains who'd punched  
the cows a spell

Describe the same an' cuss an' claim the cowboy life is  
hell—

When cattle beller in the night an' fifty head go down,  
When bulls stampede an' rivers bleed from trampled  
banks of brown,

While gray coyotes wait to browse

Upon the flanks of wounded cows.

But, Mr. Puncher from the plains, you've never tackled this,

Have tried to put a Winter's cut to town without a miss.

## THE PRICE

A bughouse bull may scare a herd an' break a hunderd  
bones,  
An' so a lawg can play the dawg an' snub among the  
stones

An' pile a norway drive so deep  
A crew will lose a week of sleep.

My puncher friend has seen a man an' hoss go out to  
mill

The bloodshot eyes an' sweatin' thighs an' flyin' feet  
that kill,

Has seen a man an' hoss go down before that sea of  
meat,

Has seen it pound 'em in the ground beneath a thou-  
sand feet—

Has seen the longhorns have their fling  
An', where a Man was, leave a Thing.

But I have seen a river-rat, a peavey in his mit,  
Below a jam the peavey ram beneath the breast of it;  
An' I have heard the timber break, have heard it groan  
an' whine,

Have heard him cry an' seen him die before a wall of  
pine—

Have seen the foam a second red  
That never yet give up its dead.

## THE PRICE

An' so, I guess, it always is : the cowboy or the rat  
They may be slick, but Death is quick an' cattier than  
that.

As long as men must fight for bread, must fight an'  
work an' cuss,

Some other guy must go an' die to pay the Price for us.  
For men who toil on land or tide  
Have Death, the foreman, at their side.

## THE SIGNAL

The time that Peary found the Pole  
I saw the strangest thing;  
My blanket 'round me in a roll,  
I camped beside a spring.  
'Twas when outdoors you like to lay  
These early Summer nights—  
An' in the north, so far away,  
I saw the Northern Lights.

I saw the blue sky overhead,  
An' then, in flashin' bars,  
I saw the stripes of white an' red,  
An', over them, the stars.  
I saw the red an' white an' blue  
Up there at Peary's goal—  
I saw the Stars an' Stripes, an' knew  
That he had found the Pole!

## THE IRISH

The sawin' of lumber,  
The fallin' of norway,  
The old occupation  
Of drivin' the pine,  
Has brought any number  
Of men to our doorway—  
Brought every nation  
A-crossin' the brine.  
But, of every faction,  
From swampers to sorters,  
Who run on the rivers  
Or work in the mill,  
The quickest in action  
In murmurin' waters,  
The cattiest drivers,  
Are Irishers still!

Folks talk of Quebeckers  
From Saguenay fountains,  
They talk of world-beaters  
From valleys of spruce,  
They talk of the crackers  
From Tennessee mountains,  
The sow-belly eaters  
An' drinkers of juice,

## THE IRISH

They talk of the Oles,  
The foreigner stranger  
Who works when the flood of  
The pine is at hand—  
But the holy of holies,  
The altar of danger,  
Is red with the blood of  
The emerald land!

The hottest in fightin',  
The thirstiest drinkin',  
The loudest in prayin'  
When prayin' is due,  
The slowest in writin',  
The quickest in thinkin',  
The wittiest sayin'  
The thoughts of a crew—  
When timber is jammin',  
When trouble is makin',  
When water is mirish  
Or bubbles alive,  
The universe damnin',  
The lawg-jam a-breakin'—  
Oh, there are the Irish,  
The kings of the drive!



## CHRISTELLA

I say that I am done with them—  
One memory has turned to gall.  
I have my little fun with them—  
I have my fun, and that is all.  
A woman square? There never was  
A woman who was square to me.  
Christella—if there ever was  
A living devil, it was she.

'Twas Winter in the timber yet  
But on the river it was Spring.  
And, God, how I remember yet  
The woods, the waters, ev'rything.  
A vale like that one yonder there,  
A road that ran across a hill—  
We used to come to wander there;  
'Twas Spring, and it was Winter still.

One night she picked a flow'r or two,  
These faded red anemones.  
I think we walked an hour or two—  
That was the night she gave me these.



## CHRISTELLA

She said the same things o'er and o'er,  
The story that will never tire;  
And, fool, I worshiped more and more,  
And all the sky was red as fire.

They caught them many miles away,  
The woman and the man at last;  
But something drove the smiles away  
From that Christella of the past.  
"You do not know!" she cried to me  
And looked that look of old again;  
I guess she would have lied to me,  
If I had let her, even then.

I struck her—God forgive me that;  
A woman is a woman still.  
But God He will believe me that  
I struck when other men would kill.  
That night, that minute, to the West  
I turned my face forever more;  
And not a woman through the West  
Has ever passed my cabin door.

My name McKinney? Yes, it was—  
And many more have done the same.  
How is it that you guess it was  
Who know me by another name?

## CHRISTELLA

She said it? Hold the candle. So  
Another reaps the wage of sin?  
Be careful how you handle—Go  
And get the doctor! Bring her in!

## SEED

My front yard ain't no garden spot—  
It's chips an' cans an' other junk,  
A whisky bottle, like as not,  
Smashed on a woodpile by a drunk—  
My front yard is a dumpin' ground  
For all the broken stuff around.

An' yet the other day I seen  
A crack appear—then peepin' through  
There come a little leaf of green,  
An' in the mornin' there was two;  
An' now to-day looks up at me  
A smilin' young anemone.

I never knew that it was there  
All Winter through awaitin' Spring,  
I never thought a place so bare  
Could ever grow so sweet a thing;  
Yet all the while the tiny seed  
Was waitin' Springtime to be freed.

## SEED

Last night a preacher come to camp  
An' sung a song an' read the Word,  
An', underneath the dirt an' damp  
An' moral junk, a blossom stirred,  
A thing I could not understand:  
I looked—an' Christ held out His hand.

'Twas not the preacher done it all,  
'Twas not his sermon or his smile:  
A-listenin' for Jesus' call  
My soul had waited all the while—  
The seed that heard the parson's pray'r  
A word my mother planted there.

## THE SELF-MADE MAN

The yarn is short. Sit down. I'm glad to tell  
The little to be told. Hard work—that's all.  
Self-made? I guess that fits me pretty well.  
I surely didn't have what you would call  
A silver spoon in any mouth of mine  
When I was born, for we were poor as mice—  
A homestead eighty in a land of pine;  
An even hundred was the purchase price.

Lord, how my father slaved—my mother, too.  
I was the oldest, and I got a share.  
How fast the babies came and troubles grew,  
While still in poverty we wallowed there.  
Yet father was the easy-going kind,  
And scraped along, as happy as could be;  
And even mother didn't seem to mind—  
But I said soon and certain, "Not for me!"

There was a girl—there nearly always is.  
I swore that I would never offer her,  
My wife, a home like father offered his,  
The dingy shanty of a laborer.

## THE SELF-MADE MAN

They want good clothes, they want a thousand  
things

The ordinary man may never guess;  
They want some money—it is money brings  
To most of us the most of happiness.

I left the farm and struck out for myself.  
I never did get back in all the years.  
Work soon put poor old dad upon the shelf,  
And mother long ago was through with tears.  
I often used to wonder how things went  
Back there at home—I bet that they were bad—  
But I worked on with just one fixed intent:  
To have a little more than father had.

Now, I knew timber—dad had taught me that.  
He never had the gumption, though, to get  
His hands on any of it. He just sat  
Asleep 'mid riches. He just sat and let  
No better men grab miles and miles of it,  
Good old cork pine, as good as ever grew;  
But when the trail to virgin woods I hit  
I knew the game, and knew just what to do.

So I got pine—a forty, eighty, then  
A quarter section. Every copper cent  
That I could save or get from other men  
Into some little bunch of timber went.

## THE SELF-MADE MAN

I drove a team, I jobbed, I built a mill,  
And I knew every trick of every trade.  
For thirty years I dug away until  
I found a little fortune I had made.

And here I am—not rich as riches go;  
You've got to have a million in these days  
To call you rich—but, if I had to, though,  
Perhaps five hundred thousand I could raise.  
Not old—I don't call crowding sixty old;  
I'm quick and spry as many younger are;  
And there is not a luxury that's sold  
I can not buy—my club, my yacht, my car.

The girl? They're all alike, these women are.  
That's long ago—I neither care nor hate.  
But he was there, and, while I wandered far,  
She married him, and wrote she could not wait.  
This life at best is just a rotten game.  
You sometimes wonder why you must exist.  
I worked, I won—but few the joys that came.  
I guess that there was something that I missed.



## THE MAN WHO COULD PLAY

As reckless an' roarin' a gang of rats  
As ever broke jams or laws  
That landed the drive at the Sanford flats.  
That Spring of the year it was.  
An', when it was snug in the sortin' boom,  
The company paid us off,  
We crowded the bar for to booze consume  
Like pigs at a feedin' troff.

I needn't say just where we wound it up,  
That beautiful jamboree;  
We'd gargled our thirst with the brimmin' cup,  
As mellah as men could be.  
They had a pi-anna ag'inst the wall,  
The ladies had brought to town;  
A wanderin' boozier whose name was Paul  
In front of the same set down.

His name it was Paul. That was all we knew,  
Exceptin' his brand of dope:  
He guzzled enough for a lawggin' crew  
An' pulled at a paper rope.

## THE MAN WHO COULD PLAY

Paul fondled his fingers along the keys  
An' tested her with a chord;  
Then lowered his head, an' he bent his knees  
An' started to play—an', Lord!

The thunder it roared like a Summer storm,  
Wind whistled among the boughs;  
Then skies were blue an' the sun was warm—  
In meddahs we heard the cows,  
In meddahs we listened to tinklin' bells,  
An' far an' away we heard  
The drippin' of water in coolin' wells,  
An' somewhere a trillin' bird.

As soft as the stir of an evenin' breeze,  
As loud as the roar of falls,  
He fingered all over the ivory keys,  
That boy in the overhalls.  
And, when he had stopped an' he raised his head  
An' give to his hair a fling,  
We clapped an' we clapped, but he only said,  
"I used to could play the thing."

## FUNGI

They sit on their silken cushions and say what a terrible  
thing  
To be the wife of a woodsman, the queen of a jungle  
king—  
To dwell in an humble dwelling, to live on a shanty  
floor,  
With nothing but house and husband, and a red rose  
by the door.  
But I, I am sick of longing, and I, I am dying here  
For a strong man's home in a clearing and the love of  
a pioneer.

They prattle of fads and fashions, of dinners and balls  
and nights,  
These powdered and pretty fungi, these gossiping para-  
sites;  
And men who are working wonders and men who are  
doing deeds  
Must dally and dance attendance, and humor their  
dainty needs.  
They talk of their virgin virtues, and sell them for  
clothes and food—  
While some brave heart wants a Woman to battle the  
solitude.



*For there are the woods to people, and there is the trail to make*



## FUNGI

I'm sick of their silly chatter, the cluck of the idle hen ;  
Is none of the work for women, and all of the work  
for men?

They house, and they feed and clothe us, and we who  
have love to sell

Are ready to be their women if only they pay us well.  
But not for the highest bidder God ever has made the  
bride :

He made us a helpmeet to him, to walk by the work-  
er's side.

I long for the tangled forest, I long for the land that's  
new !

For there is the work for women, for women and men  
to do ;

For there are the woods to people, and there is the  
trail to make,

For the sake of the God who made us, for the sake of  
a good man's sake ;

For that is the work for doing, and that is the woman  
of worth—

And I'd follow my man, if he asked me, to the utter-  
most ends of the earth !



## A DAY

This is the end of our day, my dear.

Nay, I know that the sun is glowing  
High on the mountain above us here—

'Tis the smile of a friend in going.

Warmer now on your cheek he lingers,

Warmer now than in day's high noon,

Touching your eyes with his tender fingers,

Knowing the night shall come so soon.

This is the light of the hour of parting,

This is the holiest hour of all,

When the tears from the heart are starting

While the shades of the evening fall.

This is the hour when we closer cling

Than in our moment that was the maddest ;

This is the fading of everything,

This is the happiest hour and saddest.

Nay, you smile and you look to meadows

Still a-swim in the shimmering sun ;

See you not in the woods the shadows,

Telling us two that our day is done ?



## A DAY

There are shades in the merriest day,  
In the woods there are shadows ever;  
There is an ending to every way,  
There is an hour for us all to sever.

Life is a parting and not a meeting,  
A comradeship of a lonely mile,  
Only an hour for a passing greeting,  
Only a friendship for a while.  
Surely the God that has brought us twain  
Into the world to walk together  
Somewhere shall give us two again  
Another day in the Summer weather.

## TO A CHIPMUNK

Now I've caught you ; hush your squeakin' ;  
Now I've got you with the goods.  
You're the fellah who's been sneakin'  
To my shanty from the woods.  
You're the fellah who's been makin'  
Such a nuisance of himself ;  
You're the fellah who's been takin'  
Soda crackers from the shelf.

Thought I'd think a rat had done it,  
Thought you fooled me—an' you did.  
When you heard me comin', run it  
For your burrow an' you hid.  
But to-day I caught you squarely,  
Caught you with a cracker, too ;  
But to-day I caught you fairly.  
Now what shall I do with you ?

Don't you know that diggin' under  
Some one's shanty any time,  
Totin' off your little plunder,  
Mr. Chipmunk, is a crime ?

## TO A CHIPMUNK

Oh, you're sorry, an' you're squealin',  
Now I've got you dead-to-rights;  
Don't you know it's wicked stealin'  
Crackers, even little bites?

Folks a-swipin' from a cabin  
For their crime had ought to pay,  
Folks a neighbor's goods a-grabbin'  
Should be punished right away.  
But it seems there now an' then are  
People like you that I know;  
Maybe you're no worse than men are—  
So I guess I'll let you go.

## INTERPRETERS

There are some thoughts too sad to put in words,  
There are some joys too deep for accents gay.  
I think that that is why God makes the birds  
Such things to say.

There are some moments full of melodies  
Too sweet for harps or any human thing.  
I think that that is why God makes the trees  
Such songs to sing.

There are some souls that down life's highway pass  
Too fair to last in hope's bright diadem.  
I think that that is why God makes the grass  
To shelter them.

There are some hours too lonely for the light,  
When laughing sunrays but intruders seem.  
I think that that is why God makes the night,  
To sleep, and dream.

## HOLY GROUND

You have made holy ground of this wild land amid the  
hemlock trees,  
On ev'ry flower have left your kiss, have left your  
voice on ev'ry breeze.  
You came for but a little while; you went—forever it  
may be;  
But now the sunshine is your smile, the stars your ten-  
derness to me.

You have made holy ground of all the paths we walked,  
the ways we knew,  
And pure as Heaven's jasper wall the hills that once  
encompassed you.  
You have shut sin from out this place, there is no evil  
word nor thought—  
By your divinity of face have here a holy wonder  
wrought.

You have made holy ground of life wherever life the  
way may lead,  
Have taught me honor in the strife and decency in  
ev'ry deed.

## HOLY GROUND

Where'er I go, whate'er the goal, however far my feet  
may stray,  
I feel the presence of your soul and know a saint has  
passed this way.

## INTERCESSION

Come prop me on the pillow, nurse,  
So I can see the sun ;  
Supposin' it should make me worse,  
My time is nearly done,  
An' one day more or one day less  
It takes or gives to me  
I'll never notice, nurse, I guess,  
In all eternity.

A fellah never knows how well  
He likes that world out there,  
That world in spite of all its hell,  
Its work an' pain an' care,  
Until he lays here white an' weak  
Like me upon a cot,  
Just startin' out some world to seek  
That he has most forgot.

How green the trees look ! an' the grass—  
Yet they are no more green  
Than was the trees I used to pass,  
I used to pass unseen.



## INTERCESSION

How blue the sky looks! an' how deep,  
How far away it seems!—  
It seems a sort of sea of sleep  
Beside a shore of dreams.

An' life seems such a little while  
When you go out to sea—  
Why, I remember ev'ry smile  
That ever come to me!  
You smoothed the pillow where I lay  
A little while ago,  
An' it was just the other day  
My mother did it so.

My mother! Girl, I went away  
An' never said good-by.  
I never watched her hair turn gray,  
I did not see her—die.  
An' just to think, she laid like me,  
When all her work was done,  
An' looked acrost that sleepy sea,  
A-wishin' for her son,

A-longin' for me—an' I know  
She's longin' for me still:  
Beyond the sea where I must go  
She's standin' on a hill,

## INTERCESSION

She's standin' as she used to stand,  
When down the path I'd roam,  
To take her baby by the hand  
Again to lead him home.

An' God Himself, with all His laws,  
Won't stop me passin' through—  
I know He'll let me in, because  
My mother ast Him to.  
I wish I hadn't been so rough,  
With drink an' sin an' oath—  
An' yet her soul is white enough,  
I know, to save us both.

## A NIGHT LIKE THIS

A night like this, alone beside the fire,  
The world shut out, and by the world shut in,  
The woods around as vibrant as a lyre,  
Where all sounds end, and where all sounds  
begin—

Ah, then the soul becomes a harp of gold  
That thrills with thoughts as tender as a kiss,  
With visions, dreams, and memories of old,  
Alone beside the fire a night like this.

It is so still the very heart may hear  
Its own heart beat: a cricket in the grass,  
The whisper of the nightwind very near,  
The bending of a bough to let it pass.  
Then in the deep, mysterious, silent wood  
A sleeping bird stirs softly in its nest.  
The pine-tree croons a song of motherhood,  
Each fragrant note a lullaby to rest.

Afar I hear the crystal waters strike  
The little stones, melodiously light.  
There is, in all the world, no music like  
The sound of waters running in the night:

## A NIGHT LIKE THIS

So clear, so cool, so musical, so sweet,  
To weary hearts as welcome as the touch  
Of velvet grasses to the weary feet,  
To weary feet that labor overmuch.

Above is spread the canopy of stars,  
Resplendent jewels on a robe of blue:  
The pretty Pleiades, majestic Mars,  
That bathe the earth with silver and with dew.  
Peace, peace, is written on the azure dome,  
And earth and heaven bridge the old abyss.  
Alone beside the fire the heart goes home,  
Alone beside the fire a night like this.

Upon the wall of green the shadows play,  
As dies the fire or rouses into flame.  
There lies to-morrow's road that leads away,  
And here the tangled trail by which I came.  
A spark flies upward, glowing in the air,  
To follow it the vision upward turns;  
Now it is there, and now it is not there;  
But still unchanged old Mars above me burns.

O Memory, you are like my little fire,  
My lonely fire beside the lonely trail:  
Here are the ashes of the old desire,  
The old desire enkindled but to fail.

## A NIGHT LIKE THIS

Old thoughts leap up, as flames a moment glow,  
The resurrection of a holy kiss ;  
Old joys, old pains, of other nights I know,  
Alone beside the fire a night like this.

Yea, other nights—a night like this in June :  
The same half-silence, same divine repose ;  
Upon the lawn a fountain's tinkling tune,  
And, in the dark, the white face of a rose—  
A face like hers, a face now white with fear ;  
Upon the rose a diamond of dew,  
Upon her face the dewdrop of a tear ;  
And I was there, and that white rose was you.

That is the mightiest moment of a man,  
The most remembered, holiest of all,  
When doubt withdrew and perfect faith began—  
When first for him he saw a teardrop fall.  
He shall remember, all the weary miles,  
No idle moment in the happy years  
When once his laughter laughed her into smiles,  
But some sad hour he talked her into tears.

Half guilt, half glory, will that moment be :  
A shame that he had saddened one so fair ;  
Half guilt, half glory that for such as he  
She bared her soul and wept, and did not care.

## A NIGHT LIKE THIS

He would have suffered to have saved her sighs,  
Yet exquisitely sweet that hour apart;  
For smiles come lightly to a woman's eyes,  
But sorrow wells from fountains of the heart.

You wore a scarf of silver, and I dreamed  
That it was moonlight fallen from the blue,  
A mantle out of heaven that be-seemed  
An angel out of heaven such as you.  
It lay across your shoulder. I have seen  
A square of moonlight lying on the grass,  
And years rolled back that long had rolled between,  
And almost I have thought I saw you pass—

I saw you pass in your old beauty, as  
I saw you pass my campfire even now;  
For this the magic that the moonlight has,  
The moonlight has a night like this, somehow.  
And once the nightwind touched me on the cheek  
(That other night you touched it with a kiss)  
And on the wind I heard your whisper speak—  
For such things happen on a night like this.

And I remember that you looked not down  
That night in June, but lifted up your face  
Like that white rose imprisoned in the town  
That made, like you, the town a holy place—



## A NIGHT LIKE THIS

That you looked up at me and at the stars,  
Not shy with shame but sad with questioning,  
As though you looked beyond their very bars,  
In search of something there to which to cling.

I knew, you knew, that here had come the end.  
We heard the step of him of better right;  
And I could stay and play the part of friend,  
Or I could take the trail I tread to-night.  
I took the trail—there was no more to know;  
I took the trail—there was no more to do;  
But you walk with me every trail I go,  
And every campfire is a dream of you.

And, if I doubt, yea, I who doubt no more,  
The stars make answer, answer "Do we change?"  
The river follows its accustomed shore,  
Unaltered is the granite mountain range.  
Have I not seen you pour upon the stone  
The sacrifice of sorrow, tenderly?  
A night like this beside the fire alone  
If my heart ask, my own heart answers me.

A night like this alone beside the fire  
I look, like you, beyond the wall of trees.  
I ask the stars, the stars that do not tire,  
For what they wait the weary centuries.



## A NIGHT LIKE THIS

I ask the stars, that wait and alter not ;  
Perhaps they wait, as wait the souls of men,  
Until some time, some time more long than  
thought,  
When stars and men may claim their own again.

## UNDERGROWTH

It ain't the trees that block the trail,  
It ain't the ash or pine;  
For, if you fall or if you fail,  
It was some pesky vine  
That tripped you up, that threw you down,  
That caught you unawares:  
The big things you can walk aroun'—  
But watch the way for snares.

In life it ain't the biggest things  
That make the hardest load;  
It ain't the burden big that brings  
Defeat upon the road.  
Some fault you hardly knew you had  
May hurt more than you think—  
Some little habit that is bad  
May put you on the blink.

## THE MAN'S ROAD

Let us sit here on the porch, my son.

Soon the night will come up the valley  
Lighting her candles one by one,  
Hiding the mill and the lumber alley.  
Soon the night will come slowly stealing  
Over the housetops and the street;  
Soon the night will come gently healing  
All of the hurt of the Summer's heat.

You are weary, my boy, to-night,  
And I know it is not the working.  
In your heart that was always light  
There is another sadness lurking.  
Toil may weary the limbs that bear you,  
Toil may weary the arm that's strong;  
But there are other wears that wear you—  
And I have watched you, son, and long.

Something you wished for, and you lost,  
Something, sonny, your life and glory;  
Nothing now but the cruel cost—  
No, you never need tell the story.

## THE MAN'S ROAD

But my hand, boy, is on your shoulder,  
Not your father—your elder chum;  
You are but younger, I but older—  
And on the man's road both have come.

Son, you weep for your heart's desire;  
Grief has folded her mantle o'er you.  
Now where the son stands stood the sire  
Maybe, my boy, long years before you.  
For the lives that are all around us  
Run like rivers, as still and deep.  
Many see us, but none may sound us;  
Each has his secret thought to keep.

Only the surface we behold—  
If a shadow, a shadow fleeting.  
Never the story may men unfold  
Far too sacred to bear repeating.  
Vexed perhaps at a little bother,  
Glad perhaps at a little joy—  
This the man that you thought your father:  
Maybe you did not know him, boy.

Let us sit here on the porch, my son.  
Soon the night will come up the valley  
Lighting her candles one by one,  
Hiding the mill and the lumber alley.

## THE MAN'S ROAD

And my hand, boy, is on your shoulder,  
Not your father—your elder chum;  
You are but younger, I but older—  
And on the man's road both have come.

## CHRISTINA'

Christina don't daintily dress,  
Christina don't giggle an' gush.  
She ain't got a dollar, I guess;  
Christina slings hash for her cush.  
She sweats in the dinin'-room rush;  
She scolds now an' then more or less;  
She's boss of the boardin'-house mess  
An' rassles the coffee an' mush.

But where can you show me the dame  
That has such a hold on a chap?  
There isn't a guy in the game  
But jumps when she gives him a slap.  
She's queen of the White River map;  
She sets all the mill-crew aflame;  
For her all the scrappers are tame;  
For her all the cowards'll scrap.

Christina has blue in her eyes,  
Christina has red in her hair;  
It wouldn't cause any su'prise  
If maybe she happened to swear.

## CHRISTINA

But noodle? Christina is there;  
She's sized up the whole of the guys.  
Christina is decent an' wise;  
Christina has gingham to wear.

Christina, some female in town  
Would pity your lot, if she knew.  
She wouldn't think much of your gown,  
Think less of the work that you do.  
She'd smile at your gingham of blue;  
She'd laugh at your calico brown.  
But you can look up an' not down—  
Christina, my hat's off to you!



### THREE MORNINGS

You know the kind of morning that it was  
    (There are three mornings I remember well—  
This was the first) : The east a thing of gauze  
    Where one by one the filmy curtains fell,  
So delicately fell, the morning light  
    Came now from nowhere, only grew and grew—  
A little more of day and less of night  
    Until the west and east were equal blue.

That was the morning we came driving home  
    After the weekly dance at Coopersville,  
When first the grayness stole across the dome;  
    Remember it was three we danced until?  
We did not hurry; up the woodland road  
    I let the old horse amble as he would;  
For driving lovers seldom use the goad,  
    And life that morning was so very good.

There may be mortals who have never seen  
    A morning in the wilderness arise,  
Or learned the hundred shades there are of green,  
    The hundred tints of azure in the skies.

### THREE MORNINGS

They may know Nature, but they do not know  
The inner secrets that she will disclose,  
The thousand little beauties she will show,  
When turn the walls of black to walls of rose.

To hear the matin twitter of a bird  
Is sweeter music than his proudest lay;  
Some mystery a distant branch has stirred,  
Some woodland signal of returning day.  
And now another sings a sleepy note,  
Some little hidden singer answers him,  
The low, hushed music of a waking throat,  
Soft as the singing in cathedrals dim.

And you were very weary, I recall,  
And I was very silent to your mood,  
A little closer drew your little shawl,  
And thought the thought a waking pigeon cooed.  
Then on my shoulder fell a golden head,  
That head you held so proudly other times;  
The morning said the things I would have said,  
And said them better than a poet's rimes.

That was our mating, mating without speech—  
No pledge, no promise, no vehement vow;  
The morning seemed into our hearts to reach;  
We always after understood, somehow.

### THREE MORNINGS

There are three mornings I remember well,  
Three mornings that have been the best and  
worst,  
When I have sipped of heaven, tasted hell—  
There were three mornings—this one was the  
first.

A year ; another morning ; by a fire  
I woke to feel a shiver in the breeze ;  
Above a pine sighed dismally, the sire  
Of all the circle of his somber trees.  
An Indian runner loping down the hill,  
Red-visage, sullen, silent, swollen eyes,  
Fit messenger to carry tale so ill—  
There was no blue that morning in the skies.

You had grown weary of your wedded life,  
The constant quarrel and the endless hurt,  
The things I said that cut you like a knife,  
The husband's heel that ground you in the dirt.  
I might return, but you were through with me,  
The two who had been one again were two.  
I looked afar above the murmuring tree :  
But in the sky that morning was no blue.

### THREE MORNINGS

Then from the west there came a puff of rain,  
Not rain that comes majestic in its might :  
The slow, damp fog that hides the hill and plain,  
A wall of gray to bar the morning light.  
The fire burned sickly, heavy hung the smoke ;  
No bird attempted song in hour so sad ;  
Beneath its weight of wet a sapling broke,  
And east and west no hope of morning had.

Forgetting rain, the rain I could not feel,  
I sat me down upon the sodden ground  
And read your letter like a knife of steel ;  
I turned your knife of steel around, around.  
The runner took his dollar with no sign  
And left me to my thoughts and dying fire,  
My dying fire and dying hopes of mine,  
When all things died except the old desire.

It was not many mornings after that,  
That other morning. All the hours of night  
The waters rose upon the marshy flat,  
The maddened river, like a horse in flight  
Rolled down upon the village by the mill,  
Rolled down upon the little sawmill town ;  
And some there were took refuge on the hill,  
And some there were could only pray and drown.

### THREE MORNINGS

And then I found you, when upon the east  
    One trembling finger wrote a word of dawn  
And then a sentence, till the torrent ceased,  
    The gray sky opened and the night was gone.  
And this made such a morning glorious,  
    The most remembered in my memory,  
That, while I sought you madly, madly thus,  
    I came upon you seeking after me.

That morn we watched the troubled waters fall;  
    The crest was over and the danger past.  
That was the morning holiest of all,  
    For we had learned the truth of it at last.  
Each wrong, each right, each foolish in a way,  
    We wrote "forgotten" on our ills of old,  
And saw the sunrays of returning day  
    Change skies to blue, and life again to gold.

Upon the hill we built our house again,  
    The sure, high hill that floods could never touch,  
And loved a little better ever then,  
    Who loved too little when we loved too much.  
Upon the solid rock of faith we stand,  
    And, gray the cloud or sunny blue the skies,  
We meet them heart to heart and hand in hand—  
    For all our mornings three have made us wise.

## THE WOODLAND

If you would love the woodland, it  
Must be a living thing to you—  
A comrade at whose feet you sit  
And look together at the blue.  
You must love sun as flowers do  
The god of day; the kiss of rain  
Must be as healing sweet to you  
As to the daisy on the plain.

You must go faring without fear  
The woodland wild, however far—  
In some new path a pioneer,  
And for your compass but a star.  
You must lie down with door ajar  
Beside the midnight waters' hem,  
You must lie down where wild things are  
And feel companionship with them.

You must delight in that delight  
The bud enjoys when first it knows  
The passing of the Winter night  
And wakes to find itself a rose.



## THE WOODLAND

You must feel pleasures such as those,  
The joy of living in the land,  
And, as the waking leaves uncloset,  
Must feel your petaled soul expand.



## IF FORTUNE CAME

If old Dame Fortune came to-day up in the timber on a  
hike  
An' told me I could have my way, have any treasure  
that I like—  
I wonder just what I would say, for just what blessin'  
I would strike.

Offhand I guess I'd ask for cash, for money is a handy  
thing.  
I've had enough to make a splash or two myself in  
town in Spring;  
I've drawn my stake an' made a flash an' had my  
little yearly fling.

Offhand I guess I'd ask for dough, for that's what most  
men think of first—  
The thing that keeps us peggin' so, the thirst that's like  
a whisky thirst;  
The thing that's helped a few I know, an' twice as  
many others cursed.

## IF FORTUNE CAME

I'd ask a million bucks or two, so I could ditch the timber tall  
An' know that it an' me was through; the corduroy  
an' four-turn haul—  
That all that I would have to do was spend my money,  
that was all.

I'd buy myself a house in town with Brussels carpet  
on the floor;  
I'd quit the booze an' settle down an' never hit it any  
more;  
I'd put on style, an' do it brown—for that's, I guess,  
what money's for.

I'd set an' loaf the time away, I'd start again a-livin'  
white;  
I'd can this dirty pipe of clay an' get a meersch'um  
that was right;  
I'd eat my old three squares a day, an' sleep a good  
eight hours at night.

But some vacation, so to speak, I'd like to have it now  
an' then—  
To leave my cash an' take a sneak up here along with  
other men  
An', say, put in about a week in this old lumber camp  
again.



*I'd like to just come walkin' in an' find you all a-settin' here*



## IF FORTUNE CAME

I'd like to just come walkin' in an' find you all a-set-  
tin' here,

An' wash in that old pail of tin, an' drink a cup of  
coffee clear,

An' then git out an' work like sin, just as I've done  
for forty year.

I'd like to set beside the fire upon the norway deacon-  
seat

An' listen to some sawed-off liar his yarns remarkable  
repeat;

Or maybe go an' pull a briar, an' then come in an' eat  
an' eat.

An' let me tell you, my good dame, I'd have you  
clearly understand

If I can't mootch it just the same to road an' camp  
an' timberland—

I wouldn't take it, if you came with twenty million in  
your hand!

## ONE

There runs a pathway by the hedge  
And up across the clearing,  
A ribbon through the woodland's edge,  
Appearing, disappearing,  
That fades beyond the hills of gray  
Where red the west is burning;  
And many men have passed this way,  
And few who came returning.

Full many men have followed it,  
The path beside the shanty;  
And some there were with wealth or wit,  
And some who sang a chanty;  
And some were sad and some were gay,  
And there were some who flattered;  
Yes, many men have passed this way—  
But only one who mattered.

## A CAMP IN THE WOODS WITH A FRIEND

The wealth of a wonderful hall  
With splendors of painting and gold,  
The pride of a tapestried wall  
Or portraiture faded and old,  
The treasures of age and of art,  
The luxuries riches can lend,  
No comfort will bring to the heart  
Like a camp in the woods with a friend.

The swallows are singing by day,  
The roses are rioting near;  
A bob-o-link over the way  
Is adding his carol of cheer.  
The road may be stony and hot,  
But there is a trail at the end  
That leads to life's pleasantest spot—  
Just a camp in the woods with a friend.

And then come the eve and the stars,  
And then come the dark and the moon;  
You've lighted your glowing cigars,  
You warble together a tune.



## A CAMP IN THE WOODS WITH A FRIEND

The insects are flashing in flight,  
The branches so tenderly bend—  
And you are at home for the night  
In a camp in the woods with a friend.

## HIS EYES

Right where you sit she sat  
That last, last night we knew—  
With roses in her hat,  
A dress of blue;  
And, just like you,  
She would not have a light  
But just the fire,  
And all outdoors was night,  
And night a lyre  
That played a hundred tunes,  
Old Junes,  
Old Junes and new.  
It seemed that all the songs I ever heard  
Were echoed in the song of just one bird  
Who would not stop when westward  
    sank the sun,  
Who would not stop until his song  
    was done,  
His singing through.

But still the musk  
Came to us through the dusk,  
And low we talked about another day  
When she would go away.

## HIS EYES

"To-morrow, I suppose"—  
And that was far.  
"To-morrow"—no one knows  
How near they are.

The camp  
Was sleeping—hunyack, Injun, tramp  
And all the crew.  
And I sat here  
And she sat there like you—  
So near,  
And yet so far she seemed to be,  
For mountains lay between the maid  
and me.

There was no light.  
She seemed to fade into the night  
As goes a friend,  
Up hill, beyond the bend,  
And out of sight.

Then we sat silent ; silent so  
She rose to go.  
We said good-by,  
And I,  
I dared not sigh,  
I dared not speak a word.

## HIS EYES

The valley does not wed the sky,  
The weed the bird.  
Next day her father's car  
Fell like a falling star  
Beyond the hill  
And left me standing still  
With foolish notions thrilling through  
    my head—  
Thank God, unsaid.

And, as the eve  
Faded that night of nights—  
A warning, I believe—  
A little later came the accident  
And dimmer lights  
And woods that went  
In deeper dark,  
Until the spark  
Fled from my eyes and left on earth  
    behind  
Only her lovely image on my mind—  
And I was blind.

I am the filer here, a handy man.  
I can feel  
As few men can  
To sharpen steel.

## HIS EYES

I file the saws  
And play my little part,  
Because  
To file a saw or hang an ax is art.

I can not see,  
But know the woods, the trees,  
I can not see,  
Yet hear their melodies.  
And so  
I can not see you, girl, and yet you seem  
The living presence of a blind man's  
dream.

I can not see—and yet you seem to bring  
The pulse of old, the pain, and everything.  
You touch me—kiss me—God, can it be true!  
And you are you?

. . . . .  
I can not see,  
Yet see, who could not see before;  
And you shall be  
My eyes forevermore.

## THE ONE-SPOT

Rusty, an' greasy, an' not very beautiful—

Holes in her fire-box, an' scale in her tubes—  
Ready to rock in a manner undutiful,

Rollin' the rookies an' scarin' the rubes;  
Loose in her bearin's, an' loose in her habit, too,

Shakin', an' quakin', an' rattlety-bang,  
Needin' some paint an' some bolts, an' some babbitt,  
too—

But she's the pride of the whole of the gang.

Rusty, an' greasy, an' dirty she maybe is,

Wantin' some paint an' a week in the shops,  
Cranky perhaps as a colicky baby is,

Spittin' exhaust at the track-layin' wops—  
But she can climb any grade that's in front of her,

Hold on a hill any train that's behind:  
Thirty-five loads is the regular stunt of her;  
Tack on a loader an' she'll never mind.

Railroadin' here ain't the transcontinental kind—

Fifty-pound rail is the best that you get;  
Bridges up here ain't the nice, ornamental kind—  
Just a few stringers a-crossin' the wet.

### THE ONE-SPOT

Humps in the track, that has many a crick to it,  
    Rails that are spread, an' old ties that are knurled :  
But, turn her loose with a load, an' she'll stick to it,  
    Stick to the rottenest road in the world !



## THE ASPEN

Where all the rivers northward run  
Beyond the Height of Land,  
And where the law is just a gun,  
The judge a steady hand,  
The feeble aspen of the drouth  
Becomes a giant thing,  
The quivering aspen of the South  
Becomes an arctic king.

And so the man who journeys where  
The road to Hudson's lies,  
His wine the sharp Canadian air,  
His compass in the skies,  
Grows stronger like the aspen tree  
That in the North appears—  
Takes on the stature presently  
Of arctic pioneers.

## BEHIND A SPIRE

It ain't our wickedness alone  
That keeps us out of church ;  
An' so, before you cast a stone  
An' leave us in the lurch,  
Just see if somethin' ain't about  
Besides our mortal sin  
That keeps us still a-holdin' out  
When preachin' asts us in.

We used to have (I won't say where)  
An elder in the place  
Who led so loud in Sunday pray'r  
It shook the throne of grace.  
But all the week to feed his game  
The busted swampers went ;  
He hailed the power of Jesus' name  
An' soaked 'em twelve per cent.

Perhaps if eight had satisfied  
That shoutin' hypocrite,  
Some scoffin' swamper might have tried  
To straighten up a bit ;

## BEHIND A SPIRE

But we dislike the man who tries  
To give us title clear  
To any mansion in the skies  
An' grab our title here.

## FORTY

Up the hill to Holton is a merry climb ;  
I have walked to Holton many is the time :  
Dew upon the grasses, roses by the road,  
Till you never notice if you have a load.

Down the hill from Holton is a merry way,  
Coming home from Holton at the close of day :  
Straight ahead the sunset, straight ahead the stars,  
And the beacon burning at the open bars.

Up the hill to forty was a merry tramp :  
Daisies on the hillside, lilies in the damp,  
Friends to walk beside me all the busy years,  
Sharing of my laughter, sharing of my tears.

Down the hill from forty, may it be the best !—  
Walking to the refuge waiting in the west :  
Straight ahead the sunset, straight ahead the stars,  
And the beacon burning at the open bars.

## THE MAN WHO ALWAYS WON

He  
Was poor as me,  
An' I was poor  
As any beaver workin' in the wet,  
Excursionin' ashore  
His grub to get.  
We dug like beavers, too,  
As workers do.  
But now I know  
That all I worked for was a bed an' food,  
But he had dreams  
An', in the solitude,  
He saw the gleams  
Of golden dollars grow  
To riches even in the long ago.  
The thing success  
That come to many in the wilderness  
Was not the luck that envy says it was—  
It had a cause.  
We both were young,  
We both were young an' strong.

## THE MAN WHO ALWAYS WON

I worked as hard,  
I know I worked as long,  
But dollars clung  
To him. Long afterward  
I knew the reason why :  
He had a dream, an' not a dream had I.  
First thing I knew  
He was the boss. Yet, of the two,  
I was the better cruiser. I could cruise  
A tract of timber an' the sections choose  
Where wealth was waitin' in the hills of pine ;  
So bossin' was his job, an' cruisin' mine.  
I cruised for him an', when my cash was gone,  
Was mighty grateful that he took me on.  
An' then the woman come—they always come  
In each man's life,  
To some a wife  
An' just a dream to some—  
An' that was when  
I started dreamin' dreams like other men.  
She was no timid, blue-eyed, baby thing ;  
She was a queen, fit for a forest king,  
She was a woman big of hip an' arm,  
A farmer's daughter on a buckwheat farm.  
On the trail  
I used to wonder why some fellahs fail  
An' others win ;

## THE MAN WHO ALWAYS WON

An' I made up my mind  
The reason I would find  
An' buckle in.  
But then again  
There was the difference in different men:  
He had the start  
In dreamin' an' in doin'—an' a heart  
Was like a stand of pine,  
To take when I had found it. She was mine,  
My sky, my sun,  
An' yet he won.  
I did not kill him, curse him, even hate—  
For it was fate.  
But sometimes when I leave the woods a spell,  
An' it is seldom, an' the fellahs tell  
How well he's done,  
The man who always won,  
Somehow all right it seems—  
For he had dreams.  
One time I even suppered at his place,  
When in to talk about some timberland,  
A house so grand  
I wondered that I ever had the face  
To think that she  
Would take the likes of me.



## THE MAN WHO ALWAYS WON

Yet all the same,  
There come a thought that took away the  
    shame  
That I had dared  
To want her, raven-haired—  
A thought that these,  
The luxuries,  
The gold, the glass, the auto, an' the fur,  
The costly goods,  
An' husband, too,  
A cruiser in the woods  
Had given her—  
Although she never knew.

## DISCOVERY

There lurks in every breast some of the fire  
That sent Columbus daring unknown seas,  
There lurks in every human heart desire  
To find new continents. To such as these  
The woodland is a world, and continents  
They who go seeking shall as surely find  
As he who scorned an earth's experience  
And left established error far behind.

Let us go forth, as great Columbus sailed,  
And we shall find new archipelagoes—  
Sequestered paths that only deer have trailed,  
Perhaps another continent, who knows?—  
Some cloistered valley far from man removed,  
Some fragrant clearing hidden in the firs,  
Some lily garden man has never loved,  
Waiting our coming, the discoverers.

We may not find Americas, but we  
Shall feel the thrill that thrilled a greater breast—  
Perhaps a mountain that will glimpse the sea,  
Beneath a stump perhaps a partridge nest;

## DISCOVERY

We shall make sail across the trackless green,  
We shall uncover riches in the flower,  
We shall behold new beauties now unseen—  
Yea, we shall be Columbus for an hour.

## THE TIMES

You hear a plenty of complaint  
About the times. Folks say they ain't  
As good as times had ought to be ;  
But *why* they ain't they can't agree.  
Some blame the trusts, an' others blame  
The agitation on the same  
That keeps the public mind aflame.

An' there's the tariff ; that is what  
Some say it is, an' some it's not.  
The customer will tell you why  
The cost of livin' is so high—  
The tariff, blame it ! Bye-an'-bye  
The factory whose trade is slow  
Will tell you why the price is low—  
The tariff, blame it ! made it so.

Well, I dunno. It seems to me  
That somethin' else the cause may be—  
That there may be some reason plain  
Why things cloud up an' look like rain.  
I rather guess that maybe you  
An' me have more or less to do

## THE TIMES

With makin' times. It ain't the chaps  
In Washington alone, perhaps,  
That make 'em good or make 'em dull  
An' money scarce or plentiful.

Of course they help. When times is good  
They're glad to have it understood  
They fixed things like they said they would.  
Perhaps they did, perhaps they do ;  
Perhaps they did the other, too—  
For hard times never hit the purse  
But some fool law can make 'em worse.

I rather guess that you an' me  
Make panics an' prosperity.  
An', if a quiet time should come  
An' people have to figger some  
To make the same old two ends meet  
An' furnish stuff to wear an' eat,  
That you an' me an' such as us  
Made business so, an' matters thus,  
An' not some legislatin' cuss.

Now confidentially, my friends,  
Not what he makes but what he spends  
It is that separates the ends  
Man has such trouble makin' meet—  
An' that's the kernel in the wheat.

## THE TIMES

You know it sort of seems of late  
That we are goin' quite a gait—  
Are makin' cash hand over fist  
With ev'ry business on the list.  
An' actin' like (an' quite a bit)  
A drunken sailor spendin' it.

I know, I know, when men git old  
They like to set around an' scold  
An' talk about the good old days  
When people followed better ways.  
An' so, whatever I may say,  
You'll figger it's because the gray  
Is creepin' slowly through my hair—  
Because the snow is driftin' there.

But I remember, when a boy  
We had a decent share of joy—  
I'll bet I laffed as often then  
As do these later gentlemen  
Who hang around the blazin' bars  
Or hit it up in auto cars.

We never seen a cabaret ;  
We never drunk a night away ;  
We never gambled till the sun—  
An' yet, we had a *little* fun.

## THE TIMES

Why, boy, I look along the years  
Of childhood with the pioneers,  
An' memory is sweet with tears.

I see it now : the little town,  
A road of plank that wandered down  
A street we called "The Avenue,"  
A sawdust city through an' through—  
Oh, it would never do for *you*!

The girls wore gingham, calico,  
An' other weaves you never know.  
Their bonnets saved their cheeks from tan,  
But raised the dickens with a man.  
For blue eyes peepin' from a poke,  
A white neck in a modest yoke,  
Were twice as purty, seems to *me*,  
As laigs that all the world can see.

At six the sawmill whistle blew ;  
With swingin' pails the sawmill crew  
Come walkin' up the sawdust hill  
From Ryerson's or Mason's mill  
Or White an' Swan's or anywhere  
A pathway met the thoroughfare.  
Soft eyes of blue an' eyes of brown  
Were watchin' in the windowed town



## THE TIMES

An' blushed, an' pulled the curtains down.  
An' then the evenin' an' the moon!  
Why, anywhere it's night an' June  
An' moonlight is a place to spoon!

They hadn't made the auto then—  
A lucky thing for common men  
Like us, with just an envelope  
Each thirty days, an' love, an' hope.  
In fact a girl felt purty big  
Whose fellah hired a liv'ry rig  
An' drove her to a country dance—  
That was enough extravagance.

But, lookin' backward to those nights,  
They seem as full of love's delights  
As life could be—perhaps because  
Man's money don't make lovers' laws.  
For I have set upon a stump  
An' heard the heart inside me thump  
As you who Peacock Alley sweep  
Have never felt your pulses leap.  
Or I have let the old horse walk  
An' took her hand in mine to talk,  
An' sneaked an arm around her waist  
An' held her only half-embraced—

## THE TIMES

Yes, half in earnest, half in play,  
For fear she'd take my arm away.  
An' I have let the ribbons fall  
An' never drove the horse at all  
An' drawn her closer—Why, my boy,  
Is money all there is of joy?  
Is love across a glass of wine  
A better, bigger love than mine,  
In that old buggy 'neath the pine?

How I have wandered! My intent  
To speak in this here argument  
Concerned the times. When times is slow  
It's me an' you that makes 'em so.  
But people now have come to prize  
The thing alone that money buys;  
We all have learnt to advertise—  
The more it costs the more we boast,  
An' he is best who spends the most.  
We slave to earn like maddened moles;  
Within the earth we dig our holes  
An' wallow there an' sell our souls.  
We climb the air, we scrape the sky,  
An' wind an' storm an' God defy.  
The cottage that we used to own  
We've traded for a thing of stone.

## THE TIMES

We house our babes in caves of steel  
An' never teach 'em there to kneel  
An' love of home an' hearth to feel.

Why, home *meant* somethin' in the days  
Us graybeards love to set an' praise.  
You can't make homes of city flats  
With hallway rows an' back yard spats,  
Where men an' women, kids an' cats,  
Are huddled on a single floor,  
With ev'ry noise a call to war.  
You've got to own the house, the ground,  
An' everything that grows around.  
A path that wanders to a gate,  
Where little children come to wait  
When father's comin' happens late,  
*That's* home—Home ain't in dinin' out  
An' eatin' ev'rywhere about;  
Home ain't electric lights, the flash  
Of di'monds, an' the music's crash—  
For life is somethin' more than cash.

The times? Yes, I was talkin' of  
The times. You sort of laff at love,  
An' so we'll talk of dollars, friend—  
A language you can comprehend.

## THE TIMES

Well, times git tighter now an' then—  
They may git tighter here again ;  
An' then we pay the price, my boy,  
For all our artificial joy.  
The joys of old made no one poor,  
But made the country more secure.  
This land was builded on a rock  
Of corncob pipe an' gingham frock.  
But now, when trouble comes, my lad,  
When times git tight an' business bad,  
We're little fixed in soul or purse  
To meet conditions that are worse.  
We've spent our money, spilled our blood,  
An' built no ark to ride the flood  
When trouble comes. An' then we quit  
An' talk about the cause of it.  
We blame some other fellah's game,  
When we, ourselves, are all to blame.  
The times? It's *us* that makes the same !

## KEEP YOUR EARS AHEAD

On the tote-road, on the street, on the trail or tram,  
I have known a hoss or two, teamster that I am:  
Steppers with Kentucky blood, ordinary plugs,  
Ev'ry kind of animile ever wearin' tugs;  
Mustang pony, Percheron, goer, thoroughbred—  
But the only hoss worth while kept his ears ahead.

When a plug becomes a plug ain't when he gits old;  
For a plug may be a plug from the day he's foaled.  
When a critter to the back slants them ears of his,  
Then you know the bloomin' brute, know the brute he is.  
For he'll either bite or balk, loaf, or bolt instead;  
Never trust a hoss unless he keeps his ears ahead.

But a hoss that *is* a hoss, of the proper kind,  
Doesn't listen all the while for the whip behind.  
He is lookin' down the road, sniffin', an' all that—  
He is takin' interest in the work he's at.  
Work is joy to such a nag, farm or fancy bred;  
Life is somethin' to a hoss that keeps his ears ahead.

## KEEP YOUR EARS AHEAD

Man is somethin' like a hoss, with his work to do;  
On the tough old trail of life how is it with you?  
Do you put your shoulder then in the collar square?  
Of the load we have to pull, do you pull a share?  
Are you full of pep an' steam, or is your spirit dead?  
Are you livin' in the past, or are your ears ahead?



## THE WIDOWHOOD OF DOUBT

There is a widowhood of doubt, there is a deeper hurt  
than death—

A life of always looking out, of listening with halted  
breath:

A sudden likeness in the street, a sound familiar in the  
tread

Of some one passing—so to meet some daily vision of  
the dead.

The Missing, dead yet living, they who live no more,  
and never died:

How these their widows day by day must bear a grief  
unsatisfied!

Not theirs a great Physician's balm, not theirs to linger  
by a cross,

Not theirs the years of sorrow's calm, the blessed certi-  
tude of loss.

Still they must wonder if the wood or waters claimed  
him, if the tree

It was that made their widowhood—or if unwidowed  
they may be.



## THE WIDOWHOOD OF DOUBT

So many go the woodland trail; the curtains close  
about them; then

There comes a rumor or a tale; but they, they come  
not forth again.

Then the long widowhood of doubt: Perhaps to-night  
he will return;

From heart and window shining out the woman's  
sainted candles burn—

Each day a disappointment, each new hour a hope, a  
hope to dim,

A wish that constant ray would reach around the  
world in search of him.

Ah, weedless widows, widowed, wed to years of such  
uncertainty,

Wan widows of the living dead, earth's saddest mourn-  
ers, such are ye.

If they be dead your candles seek, God give you proof  
and comfort, too;

But, if they live and do not speak, God punish them  
and pity you.

## RETIRED

Yes, I've made a little stake  
In the lumber game;  
Yes, I've been a lucky jake,  
Managed in my life to make  
Somethin' from the same—  
Have a mill that's mine,  
Have some money laid away,  
Saved ag'inst a rainy day,  
Own a jag of pine;  
Fuss around the puttin' green,  
Travel in a limousine  
With a colored shofer,  
Have a little cash to give,  
Have a little time to live—  
Somethin' of a loafer.

Yep, I am the sort of gink  
People like to knock,  
People who appear to think  
That a fellah found his chink  
Layin' on a rock.

## RETIRED

If I have a bit,  
Not a dollar that I own  
But I paid in flesh an' bone  
For the whole of it.  
An', I guess, a lot of men  
People slander now an' then  
Got it on the level,  
Made the money they possess  
Like the lumberman, I guess,  
Workin' like the devil.

Life it wasn't always so—  
Comfort an' content ;  
There was days not long ago,  
There was days I didn't know  
Where to raise a cent—  
Figgered, borrowed, saved,  
Looked for twenty years ahead,  
Minded not what others said,  
Studied, suffered, slaved ;  
Cruised the timber that was new  
People said would never do,  
Learnt alone to ramble ;  
Staked the little all I had,  
Ventured when the times was bad,  
Bought upon a gamble ;

## RETIRED

Walked the wilderness by day,  
Worried in the night;  
With a timid bank to pay,  
Learnt the one an' only way  
Was to work an' fight.  
Folks who think the pine  
An' the money easy come,  
I will gladly tell you some  
Ways I gethered mine:  
Worked a peavey, pulled a saw,  
Rode the river in a thaw  
When my legs was limber,  
Beat the bullies with my fist—  
Life an' home an' comfort missed  
For the sake of timber.

Then, at last, I got a mill,  
With a promise bought;  
Lord, an' I remember still,  
An' I guess I always will,  
Troubles that it brought:  
Somethin' breakin' loose,  
Crackin' saws an' fallin' steam—  
Ev'rything I had would seem  
Goin' to the deuce.  
Then the price would fade away  
An' the lumber piles would lay

## RETIRED

Waitin' for a taker;  
Stumpage droppin' off the earth—  
All the timber wasn't worth  
Fifty cents an acre.

Yet it helped to make a man,  
All the trouble did;  
For to work an' fret an' plan  
Is the thing that makes the man  
Out of any kid.  
An' I'm glad the test  
Come among the snows an' thaws  
In the wilderness, because  
It was for the best.  
For I have a notion, too,  
Woods of green an' skies of blue,  
Snowin', blowin', rainin',  
Can not help but make a man  
Honest, decent, squarer than  
All your city trainin'.

It's a business that is clean,  
Workin' in the wood;  
Skies of blue an' woods of green,  
Winter storm or summer scene,  
They are plain an' good.



*Worked a peavey, pulled a saw, rode the river in a thaw*





## RETIRED

Timber on the hill  
Has a flavor sweet as wine,  
An' the sawdust of the pine  
In around the mill  
Makes a man as clean inside  
As the sky that stretches wide  
In the brightest weather.  
God may walk the city streets  
But, when man outdoors He meets,  
Then they walk together.

There folks look you in the face ;  
There a man's a man ;  
There an ace must be an ace,  
For the woods it ain't a place  
For shenanigan.  
There is less of law,  
There is less of preachin' there,  
But you find a fellah square  
In a mackinaw.  
Law or creed we mayn't know—  
Though it's been a year or so  
Since we seen a steeple,  
When we buy or when we sell  
Then we stack up purty well  
With your city people.

## RETIRED

So, if somethin' I have made  
For a rainy day,  
If I've made a lucky trade,  
By the rules of Hoyle I played  
All along the way.  
If I have a mill,  
If I have a jag of pine,  
Somethin' in the bank that's mine,  
Somethin' in the till,  
If for me the axes swing,  
If for me the pulleys sing  
An' the saw is hummin',  
If I take a little rest  
When my sun is in the west—  
Boys, I've got it comin'!

## THE RECRUIT'S REQUEST

Sing us no song of the stripes an' the stars  
Callin' us heroes an' such;  
We are plumb sick of the music of wars,  
Star spangled bannered too much.  
Give us a hail  
From the tote-road, the trail,  
Up where the water's alive;  
Give us Paul Bunyan, or some such a tale—  
Sing us a song of the drive!

We aren't specially hymnin' our hate,  
We aren't damnin' the Hun.  
Let us forgit it, a while any rate,  
Nix on the sword an' the gun.  
Give us a song  
As we're marchin' along,  
Somethin' to lighten the tramp;  
Give us a tune on the old dinner-gong—  
Sing us a song of the camp!

When we go up to the guns of the foe,  
Where there is dyin' to do,  
Some other song we will warble, I know,  
Never the red, white an' blue—

## THE RECRUIT'S REQUEST

Chokin' a tear  
For some girl who is dear  
Over the hill an' the foam,  
We will be lookin' right back over here,  
Singin' some ditty of home.

## THE WEDDING

I've heard of your wonderful weddin',  
My faraway, favorite niece;  
I've read ev'ry newspaper headin'  
An' ev'ry "Society" piece.  
I'm glad that your weddin' was quiet,  
An' simple in garb an' in gown,  
An' no matrimonial riot  
Upsettin' the whole of the town.

So many there are that are noisy,  
With hunderds to cackle an' stare,  
Reported from Boston to Boise,  
With lists of the notables there—  
A church that is crowded with people,  
A street that is busy with din,  
A fire-alarm rung from the steeple  
To gether the curious in.

But yours it was quiet an' simple,  
With only your friends an' your folks,  
Who luffed at your daintiest dimple  
An' smiled at the minister's jokes.

## THE WEDDING

Their greetin' was honest an' hearty,  
The neighbors who come to the door,  
A sort of a family party  
Without any riot an' roar.

I always have thought gittin' married  
Was rather a personal thing;  
For why should a couple be harried—  
Two turtle-doves just on the wing—  
By crowdin' an' talkin' an' shoutin',  
An' hunderds to gossip an' sneer?  
A weddin's no picnic or outin',  
As you will discover, my dear.

If I had the act to do over  
(I speak as a fellah outdoors  
Who likes to wade meadows of clover  
An' camp by their musical shores),  
I wouldn't have that for a minute,  
When I an' the girl were made one;  
I'd have just the song of a linnet,  
I'd have just the light of the sun.

I wouldn't care much if the others  
Should know I got married or not;  
I'd just want the fathers an' mothers  
When hitched double-harness I got.

## THE WEDDING

I'd just want a preacher who's pleasant,  
I'd just want a day that is fair ;  
I wouldn't care much who was present  
As long as the lady was there.

The throwin' of rice I don't care for,  
I have some old shoes of my own ;  
I wonder what people are there for  
An' why all the truck should be thrown ?  
The rice an' the shoes an' the kisses  
May add to the holiday fuss,  
But they wouldn't please me an' the missus  
By makin' a target of us.

An' no one would follow the custom  
Of kissin' the lady I chose ;  
If any one tried it, I'd bust him  
Right there on the spot on the nose.  
If all of these holiday hooters  
Went kissin' the lady I win,  
I'd unlimber a pair of six-shooters  
An' the party would really begin.



## AFTERWARD

Well you remember where it was we met :  
A cabin in a valley by a stream ;  
I can not think you could so soon forget—  
That I alone remember and regret,  
And dream.

I was a man of labor in the land  
To which you came upon a holiday ;  
I was a man of labor, ax in hand,  
And you a Summer pilgrim, laughing and  
Away.

I loved the woodland ways no less than you,  
Than you who spoke of them in rhapsodies—  
Perhaps their greater beauties better knew  
And deeper felt the music singing through  
The trees.

I wonder if it always shall be so—  
If you look laughing to that year again,  
Recall a pleasant Summer with a glow,  
While I remain, remember, only know  
Its pain?

## THE BAD MAN

There was a gink  
    Blew into camp  
Not very long ago  
    Who'd make you think  
    He had a lamp  
Like no one here below.  
    He bragged about  
    The fights he had,  
He built up quite a rep;  
    Without a doubt  
    We thought him bad,  
A party full of pep.

His laigs, his arms,  
    He said were swell,  
His uppercut a peach;  
    His other charms  
    He used to tell—  
His footwork an' his reach.  
    He bullied us,  
    I must confess;

## THE BAD MAN

We let him have his way ;  
An' not a cuss  
But answered yes,  
Whatever he would say.

The matter might  
Have gone along  
The way that it had been,  
But Monday night,  
When feelin' strong,  
He sort of sauntered in  
An' made a crack  
If any hick  
Should give him any jaw  
He'd beat him black,  
For he could lick  
The whole of Arkansaw.

I needn't state  
The details now  
Or which one was the one  
That couldn't wait,  
But, anyhow,  
The jamboree begun.  
The gang an' me  
Commenced to maul

## THE BAD MAN

An' pound the geezer good.

He said that he

Could lick us all—

An', darn the luck, he could!

## A LOOK BACK

You have packed up your duffle and put out your fire,  
There is nothing ahead but the trail,  
But the trail that leads up to the hill you desire—

You will come nevermore to the vale.

'Twas a shelter from storm and a home for the night,

'Twas a place for a fire and a snack;

You are through with it now, you are off with the  
light—

But you stop and you take a look back.

'Twas a spot for a camp such as seldom you find,

With a slope that would drain it of wet;

There was green grass in front, there was timber  
behind,

And the deadwood was easy to get.

'Twas a bed and a roof for the wandering one,

'Twas a rest and a refuge for Jack;

Now you're off to the east and you're up with the sun—

But you stop and you take a look back.

## A LOOK BACK

And this life is just that from beginning to end:

It's a camp, and a hike, and a camp.

It is greeting a stranger, farewell to a friend,

Ev'ry morning new timber to tramp.

For we can not remain and we can not return,

We must follow old Time in his track;

But the campfires of old in our memory burn—

And we stop and we take a look back.

## THE CRUISE

When all the years are but a year  
Fast drawing to a close,  
And I am through with cruising here  
Forever, I suppose,  
Then upward to the final cross  
The last hill I shall climb  
And stand before the mighty Boss  
Who figures up our time.

He gave me once a world to cruise,  
He staked me to a life,  
And left me my own way to choose,  
A path of peace or strife.  
Across the sky He spread His stars,  
The sun to travel by,  
His great unchanging calendars  
For pilgrims such as I.

But there are things He never knew  
In this great world of His:  
The heavens are not always blue—  
The hurricane there is,



## THE CRUISE

And nights without a star to shine  
    There are, and sudden snares,  
And tangled ways, and trailing vines,  
    To take men unawares.

And, if He knew it all the while,  
    That things like these are here,  
The pitfall in the pleasant mile,  
    The gray skies with the clear,  
He knows that I for every rose  
    Was punished with a thorn,  
For every passion red He knows  
    Some burden I have borne.

I did not make a woman's eyes,  
    I did not make the brew,  
I did not make the sweetest lies  
    Man ever listened to,  
I did not make the greed of gold,  
    And all of human ills—  
When I was young these things were old  
    As His eternal hills.

I think He takes men in His hand,  
    I and all mortal men,  
I think that He can understand  
    And balance things again,

## THE CRUISE

I think He weighs a man beside  
The sort of chance he had,  
I think He knows His world is wide,  
A good world and a bad.

I think He knows it all along  
When figuring our time,  
And scratches off the little wrong  
The holy call a crime;  
I think that when life's year is past,  
However feet may fail,  
That He will lead me home at last,  
Although I missed the trail.

THE END













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